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HOW MURDER CHECKMATED MURDER, AND THE HAND OF ONE JEALOUS WOMAN SENT ANOTHER TO THE DOOM SHE HAD MARKED OUT FOR HER BETRAYER.



ESTABLISHED 1846

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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

With this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we inaugurate an addition to our famous and popular series of "Footlight Favorites." Henceforth we shall present with each issue two portraits of our most popular and famous actors and actresses. By preserving them our readers will be able to form a theatrical picture gallery of inestimable interest and value, such as no American journal has ever yet had the enterprise to furnish. In this, as in other matters of importance to the public, the POLICE GAZETTE is, as usual, first in the field.

THE temperance people, notwithstanding all their "blow," did not make themselves felt in the Ohio election. They polled only about 15,000 votes.

ALBERT SMITH, a Texan highwayman, will be a very old man if he lives to serve his sentence for "holding up a stage." His sentence was for ninety-nine years, and it might as well have been a hundred.

THE latest insurance swindle is "The Mutual Beneficial Association for Unmarried Persons," the shareholders in which have the guarantee that it will receive all the assessments possible, and "bust" for their benefit at the proper time. Unmarried persons will go into matrimony; there's no help for that; but they can keep out of this "Royal Anglo-Bengalee" institution, warranted to "bust."

"**THERE** is a highly mitigating circumstance in my case," said Charles Leslie, when about to be sentenced for obtaining money under false pretences at Rushville, Ind. He had resorted to the crime in order to keep his engagement of marriage, and he thought that course was better, he explained, than to render himself liable to a suit for breach of promise. He was a gentleman, he hoped, and knew how to treat a lady. Still, the judge sent him to a penitentiary for six months.

MR. SCOVILLE has decided to defend Guiteau on only one ground, that of insanity; and he calls on all persons who know facts tending to prove him insane to produce them. This is proper enough. If the wretch is really insane, he should not be hanged, but should be shut up for the rest of his days. But there are probably few people who know anything about him who would be willing to do anything in his behalf. There are hundred of cranks at large as insane as Guiteau. If none of them are responsible for their acts the asylums of the country should immediately receive a large increase of inmates.

THERE appears to have been recently a disposition among certain parties to revive the practice of duelling in the South; but like all attempts to resuscitate old customs with which our modern civilization has no sympathy, the attempt has only resulted in a miserable farce. All the recent affairs of honor have more of the elements of comedy than of tragedy, and the actors therein have been more of the clown than the hero. The latest was a triangular duel between a distinguished Virginia politician and two members of the first families. It is said that they met and blazed away at each other, but no one was hurt. Either the gentlemen were very bad shots, or the accommodating seconds forgot to put the balls in the pistols. It is time that such silly boy's play was done away with. It would be well if the sensible resolve made by a few worthy Southern gentlemen, at the time of the unfortunate Cash-Shannon duel, to organize for the purpose of discouraging the brutal code, should be furthered by holding up to ridicule the would-be heroes of bloodless duels.

In No. 207 of this paper, in our series of "Footlight Favorites," was published the portrait of Miss Small, who was described as being a performer on the burlesque stage. By an error in which the POLICE GAZETTE was not responsible, a great injustice was done this young lady. Miss Small is not, never has been and never proposes to figure upon any stage save the perfectly legitimate one of real life. By the carelessness of a photographer her portrait was exposed for sale among a number of professional ones, where it attracted our attention. We gave it to the public upon the assurance that it was a professional picture. It gives us pleasure now to make the correction while we deplore as deeply as the victim of the error that the necessity for the correction exists.

AFTER the experience of the Missouri Congressman given in another column of this issue, who has just discovered that "woman's name is frailty," or words to that effect, men who go to Congress will be inclined to marry before they go to Washington. General Clarke, like Christianey, was unfortunate enough to marry a beautiful Washington widow, and made a bad bargain. He should have married at home. The woods in Missouri are full of beautiful widows. But then there is not a more dangerous animal in the world than the beautiful creature who hangs around the Washington hash houses.

If there is anything admirable in Mormonism it is the rock-ribbed and copper-bottomed determination of the saints to subdue opposition where the fight against them is strongest; there they are found in full force, not throwing up breast-works and building barricades, but assaulting the enemy in the open field. In Georgia, for instance, the people are full of fight, and forge thunderbolts of wrath for the extermination of Mormonism, and right among the Buzzards is where the Church is sending missionaries by the dozen.

BISHOP WILEY of the Methodist Church believes that kissing women promiscuously is a "dangerous business," and advises the clergy not to indulge in it. The reverend gentleman's point is certainly well taken, but it is rather a reflection upon the members of the cloth that it is deemed necessary to advise them on the subject. It is bad enough for sinners to kiss women promiscuously, and the great majority of the people did not suppose until the bishop's warning that the clergy was in danger of yielding to this temptation.

The administration of the criminal laws is so lax in New Orleans that a committee of a hundred citizens has been organized for the purpose, as its address states, "of sup-

pressing crime and rowdyism at all hazards," also, "to coerce public servants, high and low, to the full and fearless performance of their duties and to protect them in the performance of the discharge of the same." This body is a secret one, however, the names of the members being withheld from publication and hints are given out that its methods will be those of Judge Lynch.

IN A TRAP.

"Meet Me on the Bridge."—The Young Lady did, and so did his Wife.—The Story of the Whipping of G. E. Blackburn.

The crash of broken glass, the whirr of a blacksnake whip as it cut the air and with a thud fell across the head and shoulders of a crouching man, and an excited woman, who dealt blow after blow upon the face of her victim, made up the scene that attracted considerable attention at the Twelfth Street Garden, in Cincinnati, about half-past seven o'clock in the evening. A few moments before that time a gentleman and lady entered the resort together. Almost before they had time to find seats, from the dark shadows of the street there appeared the figure of another woman. Regardless of the fact that no crossing was in sight, this new comer hurried through the mud, and with a spring from the sidewalk she ran led in the garden door, which she hastily closed, and then confronted the pair. The man, with a hastily muttered exclamation, turned to leave, but the woman was too quick for him, and, drawing an ugly-looking whip which had been concealed in the folds of her dress, she gave him a stinging slash, which left its mark of ignominy across his face.

With a low cry of pain and anger the man dashed at his assailant, but with blow after blow she kept him at bay, turning him finally to the corner of the room, when in the struggle, which had then become hand to hand, the windows were knocked out. While they were clinched a bystander rushed between them, and, taking the whip from the hands of the woman, he forced them apart, but not before the victim of the assault had left the imprint of his hands about the other's throat.

In a voice half-choked the woman turned to the one who had interfered and said: "That man is a cousin of Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky. He's my husband. He's been trying to ruin my daughter, and now I'm going to expose him." While she spoke the man threateningly bade her be silent, but she paid no attention to him. With his sympathies enlisted for the woman, the whip was returned to her, and for several minutes she continued to flog the victim, who finally managed to escape through the door, which was opened to him. Down Twelfth street, over the Canal to Central avenue, the chase was continued, but the man made good use of his legs, and he was soon lost to sight. The other principal in the exciting episode arranged her disordered apparel and coolly marched to the Central Station, where she applied to Lieutenant Spaeth for a warrant for the arrest of the man she had just so thoroughly cowhided.

"Meet me at Twelfth and Plum streets Saturday evening at half-past seven o'clock."

That was the substance of a little note that caused the whole of the night's ruction. G. E. Blackburn, a clerk at the M. and C. depot, was the writer, and Miss Lillie Lee, of Oliver street, the young lady who received it, went straightway to Mrs. Blackburn, who resides at No. 8 Linn street, and showed it to her. Here the ladies prepared the trap into which Mr. Blackburn fell. Miss Lillie met him at the appointed time and his wife was also present, and she and her horsewhip joined the little party in a manner which her husband didn't relish.

The wife's charge was rather a serious one to make in such a manner in public, and later in the evening a reporter called at the Blackburn residence on Linn street to get a little light on the matter. Mrs. Blackburn was not at home, and Mr. Blackburn had not yet returned, and the daughter, who opened the door, remarked that there was little likelihood of the latter coming around, because he and her mother had had a little fuss during the evening. When questioned upon the charge that her mother had made against her father, the girl, who is nearly seventeen years of age, said:

"He's not my father; he's only my step-father. He never tried to ruin me, and he'd better not. There is my sister Alice, who is two years younger than I am; she could tell you more about it."

But Miss Alice would not talk, and then the other sister set all fears at rest by saying: "He didn't succeed."

Mr. Blackburn was married to his present wife six years ago. She was then Mrs. Johnson, a widow with several children. He was not seen after the whipping.

IKE STOCKTON was a leader of a greatly dreaded gang which operated in Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona. A few days since he offered resistance to Sheriff Watkins at Durango and is now a corpse.

SEASONING.

SOME girls have dead loads of luck. When Miss Dashie got scared by the cow and climbed a fence she had her nice hose on and six gentlemen were looking.

JOHN HENRY picked up a good-sized pink elastic in the hall, and just because John Henry said it looked like the chambermaid's, there is trouble in the house.

THE latest sweet thing for the ladies is ivory heels on wedding slippers. When the first-born gets old enough to get into mischief the ivory heels should be removed.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* states that Philadelphians kick against the elevated railways. Jehoshaphat! That beats the best efforts of the Sodene troupe.

A LADY who had quarreled with her bald-headed lover said, in dismissing him: "What is delightful about you, my friend, is that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of hair."

ANOTHER young man has gone West. This is the reason:—"Dear Jim, cum rite off, if you're cummin' at all, Ned Blake is insistin' that I shall hev him, and he hugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer."

A BEAUTIFUL maid in Carlisle
On the back of her neck had a bise;
When her lover forgot,
And hugged the sore spot—
Her screams could be heard for a mile.

A WESTERN coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from exposure. "What do you mean by that?" asked a relative of the dead man. "There are two bullet holes in his skull." "Just so," replied the coroner, "he died from exposure to bullets."

An old man, with a head as destitute of hair as a watermelon, entered an Austin avenue drug store and told the clerk he wanted a bottle of hair restorer. "What kind of hair restorer do you prefer?" "I reckon I'll take a bottle of red hair restorer. That was the color of my hair when I was a boy."

A SCOTCH preacher, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly begun, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, it's nae fair. Wait till I get along, and then, if I'm nae worth listening to, gang to sleep; but dinna gang before I get commenced. Give a man a chance."

AN old gentleman, finding a couple of his nieces fencing with broomsticks, said: "Come, come, my dears, that kind of accomplishment will not aid you in getting husbands." "I know it, uncle," responded one of the girls, as she gave a lunge, "but it will help to keep our husbands in order when we get 'em."

THERE has been a family jar. "Come, mother, come," says the son-in-law to the old lady, in obedience to the pitiful request of his wife not to be disagreeable. "Let us make it up. I said there was no other woman in the world as disagreeable as you are, didn't I, at which you felt hurt? Well, I'll take it back—there are others."

THEY had been engaged to be married for fifteen years, and still he had not mustered up courage to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a particularly spoony frame of mind and asked her to sing him something that would "move" him. She sat down at the piano and sang: "Darling, I am growing old."

WHILE an Idaho girl was sitting under a tree waiting for her lover a grizzly bear came along, and approaching from behind began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom, and so leaned back and enjoyed it heartily, and murmured "tighter," and it broke the bear all up; and he went away and hid in the forest for three days to get over the shame.

CRUELTY to animals: Last week a strapping negro woman was up before an Austin Justice, charged with unmercifully beating her boy, a saddle-colored imp. "I don't understand how you can have the heart to treat your own child so cruelly." "Jedge, has you been a parent of a wifless yaller boy like dat ar cub of mine?" "Never!" ejaculated the judge with great vehemence, getting red in the face. "Den don't talk."—Texas Siting.

"CAN pa make a circus, ma?" "I don't know, Johnny; I suppose he could if he had a great deal of money to buy horses and wild animals; but why do you ask, Johnny?" "Oh, nothing much. Only I saw that Gaston fellow, who you told sis not to have nothing to do with, standing with his arm around her at the back gate, last night, and he said to sis, 'I'sposo if yer old man come around now he would make a circus,' and sis laughed and said, 'You bet!'"

A MAN down at Portland writes to ask how he's to swear with any force, since the new version has knocked so much expression out of two standby words. "Dear sir, we can't just tell you, but you wait round the church door on a bitter cold night for your girl to emerge, and finally see her come out leaning on the arm of another fellow who will take her home, and you won't need any instruction in the art of swearing. It will sort of come to you."—Boston Post.

THRILLING courtship: "Don't contradict me," said the stern parent. "You have been holding secret interviews with Charles Monsterrat de Montmorenci." He was a proud but fashionable tailor, and not to be trifled with. "How did you find it out?" sobbed the daughter. "You never saw us?" "No, I never saw you," he returned indignantly; "but my faithful Bruno came running to me this very evening with a mouthful of cloth. I recognized the pattern at once. I cut the piece to make a pair of pants for young Montmorenci two months ago, and he hasn't paid for them yet." All she answered was, "Father, dear, it's too awfully too-toe, and she fell like a little faded flower at his feet."

ON a Canada Southern train the other day was a man with his wife and several children, bound for some point in the West, and when St. Thomas was reached the man got out with the others and rushed into the eating car and hurriedly called for coffee, bread, meat, etc., and then began to cram himself so fast that a disgusted Detroit at his elbow finally laid down a silver dollar on the counter. "Dollar—yes—I see," numbed the man, with his mouth full; "you'll bet a dollar to a cent that I'm a hog, but you'd lose if I kivered the bet. You see I told the old woman and children that we couldn't get anything to eat this side of Detroit, and I've got to fill up in five or six minutes and get back, or they'll tumble to the racket. Please pass the mustard—only fifty seconds left to fill up, pick my teeth and get back."

FOLLY'S QUEENS;

OR,

WOMEN WHOSE LOVES HAVE RULED THE WORLD.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

A year or two ago Cora took warning from approaching age, and sold her town house out. Since then she has lived in luxurious retirement on the hoards of her protracted infamy. An interesting conclusion to this sketch of her career is the following account of her Parisian home, given at the time its doors were thrown open by the auctioneer.

The house is a perfect nest of luxurious comfort. It is not large—only two stories high—but there is more than room enough in it, on a very liberal allowance, for one and a friend. It is tastefully distinguished from its neighbors by the gilded balcony, and its open *porte encheré* gives a view of a range of solidly built stables that might not form a bad lodging for even the most fastidious poor. Before we reach them we have to pass the "waiting-room." Its doorway is to the left of the arched entrance, and opposite to it is the door of the hall of the house. Here we are, literally in marble halls. We may survey the scene on the vestibule for a moment from a large Gothic chair, in old oak, which may once have formed part of the furniture of a convent. Now we will pass into the billiard room—we are still on the ground floor. It has divans of red morocco, and four spirited oil paintings of the horses "Tricolor," "Black" and "Musty," and of a lap-dog that has made his bed inside a man's white hat. The noble owner adores horses, probably by right of birth, for her father let them out to hire. We may now pass up stairs, across the rugs of lion, tiger and bear skin covering the hall. Here, on the first floor and at the back of the house, we find ourselves in the dining-room. It is roomy, for pairs; and, in its rich brown-oak paneling surmounted by a wall covering leather arabesqued in black and gold, its thick carpet, its heavy curtains of red and its indescribable air of massive luxury was very pleasant to the eye. Plate is on the great oak sideboard, chinaware on the dining-table, the latter *faience de Ronen et de Nevers*—blue on a white ground; *faience Italienne* and plateaux in the style of Louis XIII. and of his illustrious successor. On the same table, too, are large cases containing some of the choicest of Mademoiselle's personal belongings—sunshades covered with black or white lace and with handles of carved ivory or jasper, fans by the half dozen in English point, tortoise shell and mother of pearl.

One object of greater interest must not be over-looked. Mademoiselle's beautifully illuminated book of devotions in the French tongue—a praying virgin on the cover, and a great store of angels on every broadly-margined page. It stands open at the words, "Let me soon hear the voice of thy mercy, for in thee is my hope. Thy spirit of goodness will lead me in the straight path. Make me live after the law of thy justice, Lord, for the glory of thy name."

A certain stuffiness which seems to pervade the room after the reading of the passage will make a move into the freer atmosphere of the landing a relief. This place, too, is tastefully furnished; its chairs are incrusted with ivory, it is draped with Oriental tapestry, and it has a statue of the classical Paris of the size of life, and dating from the time of Louis XV. Another step and we are in the larger drawing-room, crimson and gold—the latter in the cornices and woodwork, the former in the curtains and coverings of couches and chairs. Here are two chandeliers in Algerian onyx and gilded bronze; an elegant jardiniere in richly decorated ebony, with ornaments finely chased (the winner of the medal of honor in its class at the exhibition of 1867), with groups in marble, in metal and in porcelain—Psyche and Love, Hercules and some body whom we will call an acquaintance, and—I have no time to see what else. Here is a Chinese contrivance for burning perfumes, and a flower stand in Roman mosaic, "representing a monument in ruins." Multiply these extracts by a couple of dozen, and you will have some idea of the number of objects, rich and rare, in this humble abode.

The smaller drawing-room shows the like diversity and profusion. Here the furniture is in the style of Louis XVI., the wood-work black and gold, the coverings of sea-green satin with flowered ornaments in white. There are two books in the room, the only ones besides the work of devotion already mentioned to be seen in the house—Dore's "Don Quixote," and "The Holy Bible" illustrated by the same hand. One fancies it would be a graceful thing to buy all three in on the part of a friend, and send them on to the new establishment in the Champs Elysees—they would not take up much room.

But stay, we were nearly leaving the *salon* without looking at a very fine oil painting of modern date, of excellent workmanship and

most irreproachable "moral." It illustrates Lafontaine's fine fable of "The Ant and the Grasshopper." You know the touching little story—the thoughtless grasshopper chirped through the glorious summer time without thinking of the bad season to come; the tuneless but prudent ant expended all her energy in laying by for a rainy day. Then came the fall of the leaf and the biting blast, and the singer, who had done nothing but see life, found herself under the necessity of trying to borrow a grain or two to sustain it from her friend's store.

Significant that such an apologue should have commended itself to the notice of the mistress of this house.

Another flight of stairs and we are at the door of the boudoir, having just passed through an ante-chamber which, from its position on the threshold of a lady's bower, contains the most extraordinary piece of furniture in the place—a huge stand of dumb-bells of various sizes, the largest of them hardly to be lifted by any one but an athlete. Is it a delicate attention on the part of Omphale to stupid Hercules, who, on a wet afternoon, may be supposed to prefer a turn with these instruments on the landing to the choice literature downstairs? The boudoir is tapestried in dark gray; and solid furniture of black wood is laid with ivory. The dressing-room adjoining the boudoir has a toilet service in solid silver that might serve for the ablutions of a giant. There are innumerable knick-knacks in this and the room beyond—cabinets filled with a store of needle-cases, raper-knives, pin-cushions, ink-stands, boxes that might hold wafers and boxes that certainly could hold nothing at all—made in both the precious metals, with a free use of every device known to Parisian ingenuity for increasing their cost, if not their beauty, with precious stones. In one of the many miniature frames we have a photograph of a thoroughly commonplace person whose essential vulgarity of aspect is enhanced by her Tudor costume, and particularly by a ruff which forms a sort of second frame for the hard, fierce face. It is probably a memorial of the time when the noble owner, thinking there was no limit to the indulgence of the Parisians, tried to charm them on the stage—only to find that she had for once reckoned without her host by being incontinently hissed off.

There is now nothing left to do but to retrace our steps. Before leaving, though, we may take a glance at the stables and coach-house, with the *coupe* and the three other carriages, and the horses Dandy, Arnold, Plimico, Rainbow and Queen, so well known to every frequenter of the Bois. The hammer-cloths bear the device of a horse's head, inclosed in four half-moons, each of which also forms the letter C. with this beneath them: "Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos." "It is Madame's motto," grins the stable boy.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COST OF A FALSE STEP.

In one of the wards of the Insane Asylum on Blackwell's Island might be seen a few years ago, seated in a low rocking chair, gazing steadily at the floor with bowed head, a woman apparently about thirty-five years of age. All through the long day she sat there, never moving, never speaking, evidently communing with herself and brooding over some idea which had taken complete possession of her.

At night she was led to her room, and in the morning returned to her chair to go over the same performance as that of the day before.

The name of this pitiful wreck of humanity was Polly Walton, at one time the most beautiful harlot in New York.

Her history is a peculiar one. Her parents were considered one of the wealthiest couples in San Francisco. Her father had gone from the East during the gold fever while a young man, and by one or two lucky speculations amassed a large fortune. His wife was an heiress, and their possessions combined placed them in position where want could never come. Polly was the only child, and every luxury that one could desire or wealth purchase was given her. She was reared in an atmosphere of social refinement far above that accorded to the average *debutante* upon the stage of life, and as she neared the period of maturity occupied a shrine at which a large number of the butter-flies of fashion worshipped most devoutly. She grew to be a beautiful, voluptuous woman, and being possessed of an ardent, impulsive nature, she was inclined to favor those young men whose social position gave them the *entree* to fashionable society, but who were what is termed "fast" rather than those who were sedate and matter-of-fact. Under proper influence this nature might have been moulded into pure and chaste womanhood.

But her parents were too indulgent to place a single obstacle in the way of their daughter's happiness. They let her choose her own company, their love blinding their eyes to the true character of the young men with whom their daughter associated.

Admiration, the glitter of wealth and the unrestrained indulgence in the follies of the upper station of fashionable life led her astray from the path of virtue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMAN ODDITIES.

MAMIE RICHARDS, a Wisconsin school-mistress, is to have a medal because she walked daily to and from her school through five miles of dense forest in which were prowling wolves.

"I WANT silver," said Jane Jackson, of Louisville, in demanding the settlement of Hanser's board bill. "I ain't got no silver," said the angry man, "but I'll give you all the lead you want," and he shot three bullets into the landlady.

A HOUSE was taken to pieces for removal, at Negaunee, Mich., and on the following morning nearly every bit of it was missing. A search among twenty-seven families' wood-piles solved the mystery, and twenty-seven fines of \$10 each were imposed.

THE well-meant effort of a clergyman to quiet a panic in a crowded church at Bradford, Pa., really increased the fright. He led off a hymn at the top of his voice, but his voice was so unmusical that the people thought he was terrified, and the struggle toward the door was redoubled.

BENJAMIN SNELLING of Owingsville, Ky., has been murderous but uncertain in his use of the pistol. He missed a man whom he shot at and killed a dog in 1875. He missed a second man in 1879 and seriously wounded a boy. His next miss was a few days ago, when the bullet by chance took the life of a spectator.

A MOTHER with six children arrived in New Haven, Conn., one day last week, from Washington, D. C., where she bought her tickets, thinking they were for New Haven, Fayette county, Pa., where her husband had obtained work, and where she was going to join him. She did not learn her mistake till she reached Connecticut. She had only two dollars upon arriving there.

A BOARDING-HOUSE at Floyd, Ind., is kept wholly for the accommodation of persons temporarily residing there for the purpose of obtaining divorces. It now has twenty-nine inmates. In several instances marriages have grown out of companionship in the house. A wedding was lately held an hour after the couple concerned had received decrees legally separating them from their former marital partners.

In the form of report employed by officers on guard at Gibraltar it is customary to insert, if all has gone as usual, "N. B.—Nothing extraordinary." One day an officer fell down a precipice and was killed, but when the young Scotchman on guard handed in his report, "Nothing extraordinary" appeared on it. An explanation being demanded, the reply was: "Aweel, sir, I dinna think there's onything extraordinary. If he'd faun doon a precipice 400 feet and not been killed I should ha' thought it vera extraordinary, and wad ha' put it doon in ma report."

AN affecting incident of woman's devotion is mentioned in connection with the arrest of Stotheimer, the Seligman's defaulting clerk. Upon his apprehension, the young person who shuddered his flight burst into tears and remarked: "I have prayed that we might not be pursued or overtaken, but we are overtaken and nothing is lost for you but to go back to New York and bear the consequences." This vicarious sort of heroism is characteristic of most of the young persons who help defaulting bank clerks to get rid of their "loot."

SANDY POWERS is a darky who suffers the misfortune of being an occupant of jail quarters. The county judge a day or two since contracted to hire him out as a county convict, but the fact that he had lost a leg Sandy urged as a sufficient objection to the arrangement Judge Austin had made. He therefore swore that he would break his wooden leg before he would go to work. Sheriff Owens, knowing he was to be taken out, caused his wooden limb to be taken from him temporarily, but yesterday morning, when it was returned, he demolished it against the floor of his room. The sheriff now has a one-legged convict who can not and will not work, and as a new leg would be too costly, he is in a quandary what to do with his darky.

WE learn that James Phillips, a youth of about 12 or 14 years, residing in Wishart's Township, Missouri, came to his death last Saturday night under novel, but very unfortunate circumstances. He and his mother are the only occupants of their house, and as the boy was known to be very "scary," some boys in the neighborhood concluded to have some fun, so they went to the house on the night above named and commenced prowling around trying to open the doors, etc. The poor little fellow was so badly frightened that he went into violent spasms, which were soon relieved by death. The boy was in perfect health, having picked cotton all the day previous, and eaten a hearty supper. The tragic end of what was only intended for a little fun has spread a pall over the entire neighborhood.

BAD Luck made George Waterfield down-hearted, and he frequently threatened to take his own life. So disconsolate was he that when somebody asked the loungers on the veranda of the tavern at Edge Hill, Pa., to go into the bar-room and drink, and all the rest responded with alacrity, he stayed outside alone. When the others came out again, they found Waterfield laying dead upon the floor.

with a wound in his breast. They thought he had carried out a suicidal purpose by stabbing himself, but they could not find a knife. An examining physician found a bullet in the supposed gash, and it was a mystery how the shot had been fired, until it was ascertained that a man who had been trying to fire a rifle aimed in that direction from a point three-quarters of a mile away.

A BEER-SHOP in Munich, in the immediate vicinity of a church with a clock in the bell-tower, became celebrated and got up a large run of custom by a famous beer-drinker who drew crowds of people at the middle of the day to witness his performance. Placing twelve mugs of beer on a table in front of him as the clock commenced striking twelve, he would swallow the contents of a mug at each stroke of the clock until the twelve mugs were emptied. A Heidelberg student thought nothing of placing to his lips a tankard filled to the brim with two litres of beer and swallowing the whole without stopping to take breath. Another student who had had his cheek laid open in a sword duel, called for a glass of beer and drank it through the bloody opening of the sword-cut without wincing, and as coolly as if he had drunk it through his mouth.

A RESIDENT of Battle Creek, Mich., was called to his front door last Thursday morning by a vicious jerk of the bell. What he saw on the doorstep was a clothes basket, and it did not take long to discover that the basket contained a baby. As that household already had a full assortment of treasures of that kind, the citizen was angry as well as shocked. He lost no time in sending the basket with its contents to the police station. As the colored man who had been hired to carry the baby to the station entered the door he saw a young woman frantically endeavoring to give an officer a piece of information. Glancing at the basket, however, the woman uttered a scream and hugged the infant until it in turn became demonstrative. The foundling had found its mother, whose strange explanation that a discharged and angry servant girl had kidnapped it while the family were at breakfast proved to be true.

AN interesting story comes from British Columbia illustrating the sagacity of the North American Indians in that region. Some of the Kamloops lately robbed a store in Grand Prairie, and were hotly pursued by a constable with a warrant. The tribe, disgusted at this officious conduct on the part of the authorities, resolved to mark their displeasure by punishing the constable in a fitting manner. They accordingly organized a court, tried the constable, and, having found him "guilty," fined him \$30. The unfortunate officer, not having anticipated that he would be fined by the persons he had intended to arrest, was not provided with money to pay the penalty imposed upon him. He got out of the difficulty, however, by giving a charcoal promissory note on a shingle, which the tribe accepted with civilized promptitude. The promissory note, by latest accounts, has not yet been paid, and the Kamloops are represented as being "defiant."

THE Rev. Robert Matlock, who was a wild exhorter of note in Arkansas, found that Methodism imposed too much restraint upon him, and therefore invented a new sect in which a belief in blood atonement was the peculiarity. He soon obtained a numerous following, and at the camp meetings which he held lambs were burned on altars. He was a queer speaker, and had a habit of calling sinners by name from the pulpit, with such descriptive epithets as "liar," "knave," and "thief." Tom Miller was thus assailed, and he told the preacher that the abuse must be stopped. The two men met at a fair, discussed the subject a while, and agreed to shake hands; but when Matlock extended his hand there was a knife in it, and he stabbed Miller to the heart "as a blood atonement." A jury declared the clergyman irresponsibly insane, and he was released. That was a year ago, and the next seen of him by the public was last week, when his body was found hanging to a tree. Friends of Tom Miller had caught and lynched him. But the new religion, called New Light, still survives.

AREY, a colored woman of Martin, Texas, has been enjoying one of her periodical crazy spells. Dressed in weird fashion peculiar to herself, she, as is her wont, has been walking the streets proclaiming herself the queen of the universe and commanding the disloyal denizens of her city to bow down and worship her. Oftentimes she has equipped herself with banner and sword—merely, however, as emblems of authority, for she has always been considered inoffensive. On last Monday she was marching up and down the street with a keen cowhide suspended from each side. She was unusually boisterous, so much so, that the marshal thought it his duty to confine her in the calaboose. To this she took umbrage and reprimanded him for his impudence in trying to put a lady in the calaboose, and vigorously resisted. In the twinkling of an eye Arey detached one of the cowhides and opened the battle by nailing the marshal's nose. He reciprocated by breaking his cane over her head. This blow seemed not to disturb her purpose, and she pried the cowhide with renewed vigor, cutting several gashes in the man's face. He finally succeeded in cuffing the woman, but not until she left the city's guardian looking as if the dogs had been chewing him.



A RISE IN CHINA.

HOW THE SOAP-SUD MONOPOLISTS OF SMITH'S CAMP, COLORADO, BAN THE OPPOSITION OUT OF TOWN.



REFORMING A WIFE BEATER.

HOW MASKED VENGEANCE IN PETTICOATS TAUGHT A BRUTAL HUSBAND HIS DUTY TO HIS MOTHER'S SEX; PINE GROVE, PA.

Beans for Dinner.

They tell a good story about one Wymane, a diminutive drummer well-known on the Comstock. He stopped one night at Deming, New Mexico, a favorite resort of the cowboys.

"Madame," said Abe to the landlady, "give me some dinner and be quick about it. I have not dined since yesterday."

The lady brought him some bean soup.

"Madame, take that soup away. I never eat soup. Bring on the roasts right away."

In vain the lady explained that pork and beans were the best the house afforded. He was obdurate, and wanted roast-beef, rare. A mild mannered, blue-eyed cowboy at the table then chipped in:

"Beggin' pardon, stranger, but you must excuse the lady. We—"

"Who are you, sir?" retorted the drummer. "I know my business."

"You don't tell me?" said the festive cowboy, drawing his navy. "Now, you eat them beans. I'm goin' to sit here an' see you feed. Light into 'em quick, or I'll open you sure, and put 'em in. This is bizness with me, an' I'm shootin' in yer ear."

The unfortunate drummer saw blood in the air, and was forced to choke four plates of the unwelcome food down before the cowboy was satisfied with his apology to the landlady.



HARRY ARCHIBALD,

THE HERO OF A STRIKE BY 400 GIRLS AT LORILLARD'S FACTORY, JERSEY CITY.

Masked Women Cowhiding a Man.

HARRISBURG, October 18.—There resided at Pine Grove, Cumberland county, previous to Sunday, an Irishman named Watson, who was employed at Pine Grove furnace. His wife was a German woman, and often the two nationalities did not agree, resulting in frequent fights in which the woman was shamefully abused. On Sunday Watson knocked his wife down, kicked her and maltreated her shamefully. She fled to the neighbors and told her story, and was taken care of, she being at the same time in a delicate condition. In the evening a party of masked women, of a most determined aspect, captured Watson, bound and gagged him, and then unmercifully whipped him with cowhides. After releasing Watson he was ordered to leave the place, which he did. It is said that his reason for beating his wife was because he wished her and the children to go to the poorhouse, that he might not be compelled to support them this winter.

MINNIE LADD and Ernest Nash lived in neat cottages at the Fall, a thriving part of Norwich, Ct. Ernest is 18 and Minnie 16 years of age. A year or more ago the boy and girl fell in love with each other. The parents of the children learning in what direction the tide of love was setting determined to break off the acquaintance. They partly succeeded. Minnie set out for Ware, Mass., to see a friend. On the same day Ernest had business in the latter town. A few days ago the parents received news from Ware that the children had been married.



MISS PEARL ELLIOTT,

ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN INSULTED BY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS SHINABARGER; AT VALPARAISO, IND.



BEANS OR BULLETS.

THE CHOICE A DANDY DRUMMER MADE OF TWO ARTICLES OF DIET, NEITHER OF WHICH HE HANKERED FOR; DEMING, N. M.



MISS MARY PURDY,

IMPLICATED IN A SCANDAL WITH SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS SHINABARGER; AT VALPARAISO, IND.



"CHARGING HAWK,"



"CROW DOG,"



"BIG THUNDER,"

PRINCIPAL WITNESS FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT AGAINST CROW DOG.

AWAITING TRIAL AT DEADWOOD, D. T., FOR THE MURDER OF SPOTTED TAIL.

ALIAS CAPTAIN THIGH, CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES INDIAN POLICE IN DAKOTA TERRITORY.

Putting the Baby in Heaven.

It is fortunate for the credit of womanhood that a homicide which has just occurred in the west is attributed to sudden insanity. Dora G. Beyland, of Newport, Ohio, loved her little granddaughter devotedly and was morbidly fearful that the child would grow up wicked. "How much better it would be if she died now, for in that case she would surely go to heaven." With that thought in her mind she went to the cradle where the baby was sleeping and cut off the little one's head.

The Murder of "Spotted Tail."

"Crow Dog" is the name of an Indian now awaiting trial at Deadwood, D. T., for the brutal murder of "Spotted Tail." The principal witnesses against



TOO MUCH FOR HIS NERVES.

THE DISPLAY WHICH FRIGHTENED A BURGLAR FROM AN OLD MAID'S BOUDOIR—FALSE CHARMS AS USEFUL FOR DEFENCE AS CAPTIVATION; NEW YORK CITY.

last Friday night at the county jail in Fremont, resulting in the liberation of all the prisoners. Since August four criminals, pick-pockets and burglars, have been confined in the cells. During this time they had wrenched a strong iron bar from the bedstead to use as a crow-bar, and a long thin strip of iron to be used to loosen the mortar of the wall. During the day time the sheriff has no restriction as to confining them in separate cells, allowing them to gather in one apartment if they chose. At that time there was a stone block, two feet by four square on the face, and four feet thick, loosened and ready to pull out. The prisoners had concealed their work by pasting over it a sheet whitewashed so as to correspond "with the wall. Last Friday night they pulled the stone into the cell and escaped.



BEHEADING HER BABY.

THE HORRIBLE CRIME OF A MANIAC MOTHER AT NEWPORT, OHIO.

him are "Big Thunder" and "Charging Hawk." "Big Thunder" is captain of the United States Indian Police in the Territory, and is well liked. He is more generally known as "Captain Thigh." The trial will take place in January and is looked forward to with much interest.

Something Like a Circus.

George Peat attended a circus in Winchester, Minn., with his girl, and the gorilla attacked the young lady, tearing the clothes from her person, and scratching and bruising her. Mr. Peat came nobly to the rescue, and soon the vicious animal was biting the dust with a bullet from a revolver.

Too Much for His Nerves.

The detectives at police headquarters tell a good story of Red Jerry Brice, now serving out a term in a western prison for not respecting the goods of his neighbors. Red Jerry, it is said, once entered a handsome house up town for purposes of spoilage. He pried a window open and poked his head into a room. It was a bed-room. The faint gleam of a night light illuminated it. Scattered around the burglar beheld a woman's leg, a dismembered head, human jaw bones, the mangled torso of a female victim—a scene of horror, in short, before which he recoiled in blood-frozen consternation, and fled, leaving a \$25 jimmy as a souvenir behind him. "I thought some one had been there before me and cut the woman up," he said. "D—m an old maid anyhow. You never can tell if they're real or not."

Shifting for Themselves.

One of the neatest jail deliveries on record occurred



SOMETHING LIKE A CIRCUS.

HOW THE BLACK BABOON OF BORNEO GOT TIRED OF AMUSING OTHER FOLKS AND UNDERTOOK TO ENTERTAIN HIMSELF AT WINCHESTER, MINN.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Jealousy Foiled by Jealousy.

A remarkable drama is reported from Saint Therese, Fla., where, on account of the high social position of the parties concerned in it, it has been kept remarkably quiet, so that even now the identity of the criminals and victims is concealed from the press. The facts in brief are these:

A young New York merchant suffering from a pulmonary disorder settled in Florida a year ago for the benefit of his health. Since then he remained a resident there up to the period of the occurrences we detail. He resided at the house of a widow who possessed a daughter, a vivacious and spirited girl for whom the invalid conceived a warm passion. The result was the young lady's seduction.

Having accomplished his purpose her betrayer soon wearied of her and turned his attention to another and newer love in the person of a neighbor. As his liaison with her advanced his relations with his first victim became steadily less affectionate until they ceased altogether. The girl implored his pity without avail until, finding him merciless, her love turned to fury and she determined on his death.

One afternoon last month as he returned from a ride to a neighboring plantation she attempted to shoot him with a rifle borrowed from a neighbor. Concealed behind the shrubbery of the garden fence she took sure aim, but as her finger touched the trigger a to her unknown hand struck her down. Her rival, who had observed her lying in wait from her window, had crept upon her and driven the blade of a hunting knife to the hilt in her back. The blow, terrible as it was, failed to reach the heart, and the victim is reported in a fair way of recovery.

Her betrayer and her assailant have both vanished from Saint Therese, and it is currently reported have gone to the Bahama's together.

Harry Archibald.

"Harry or no work!" was the cry of four hundred girls in the stripping room at Lorillard's tobacco factory in Jersey City on Monday, as they left their benches and their work, and stood defiantly before Foreman Quindlass. It was Mr. Quindlass's first day as one of the foremen in that room, and he had begun his work with an energy and severity, according to the stories of the girls, which to them was simply unbearable. In any case, the girls arose in their anger and their might when they learned that Mr. Quindlass had been sent to take charge over their favorite foreman, Harry Archibald. They declared stoutly that they would not work unless Harry was restored to his place, and, with the cry: "Harry or no work!" they deserted their benches.

Harry Archibald says that the first he knew of his discharge was upon reaching the factory on Monday. He was told that Quindlass had been put in his place, and that he would be transferred to another room in which he had formerly worked. He declined to accept the transfer, and left the factory.

"I know I ain't a very smart man," he said to the reporter, "but I was a friend to the gals and to myself. I never docked them or sacked them without cause. These gals is nothing to me—I'm a married man—but I tried to treat them fairly."

"Why did they follow you when you left?"

"Well, I don't know. I wish they'd all go back to work to-morrow, and I'd go back to work for a day myself to take the gals back."

The "gals" stayed out and the Lorillards have moved the "stripping" branch of their business to Louisville, Ky.

Ah Foy's Martyrdom.

Smith's camp is a primitive mining settlement in Colorado. Up to a few weeks ago a Milesian firm, the Mrs. Maginnis and Houlihan to wit, enjoyed the monopoly of the laundry work there. Then a celestial curse descended on them. His name was Ah Foy, and he opened an opposition wash-house at ten per cent. below market rates. A few days after Ah Foy's arrival some miners heard sounds of wild and doleful lamentation from an abandoned hydraulic washing under the bluff on which the camp is pitched. Investigation developed its origin in the person of Ah Foy. He was suspended by a rope hitched to his pigtail from the limb of a solitary tree on the bank of the creek, and had been hanging there several hours. The only explanation he would give was that the "Iish washee-washee" had haled him from his sleep of peace at 4 A.M. and hung him there. He loaded his donkey and moved on to Flemmerhorn Hollow, the next camp, that afternoon, and the firm of Maginnis and Houlihan now purify the garments of Smith's camp at monopolistic rates.

"Open Your Mouth and Shut Your Eyes!"

A modest young man from Cincinnati went to spend a few days with some former relatives. His jolly country cousins, being of the feminine persuasion, were only too happy to have a city beau to amuse. Among the devices they developed for his entertainment was a

persimmon hunt. When the arboreal haunt of the wily persimmon was discovered the diffident Cincinnati acknowledged his inability to grapple the problem of getting them down. His rural entertainers laughed at the idea of a man not knowing how to climb a tree.

"We'll show you," they said. "Just you stay down here and hold your hat and you'll see."

He did see. He saw it about the time the ascent began, and it made him shut his eyes and wonder what his Sunday-school scholars would think of him. The girls enjoyed his perplexity as much as he didn't, and amused themselves to their heart's content, pelting him with fruit till there was no more to pelt him with. But the young man's virtue, like that of Deacon Richard Smith, was impregnable. He was blind to every charm which invited attention. He tells his friends now that persimmon hunting is the poorest sport he ever undertook. The girls say they never expect to have so much fun again as long as persimmons grow, for they are sure there isn't another such man in Cincinnati or anywhere else.

Claim Jumpers Jumped.

Frank Smith and Edward Whipple recently located a rich claim near Contention Camp, Idaho. It was necessary for them to go some distance to file their claim, but it was also necessary to guard the claim against jumpers. They were puzzled how to work the matter, but the problem was solved by their respective brides, who volunteered to defend the property against all comers. The boys went away and the girls mounted guard. All was quiet until early the next morning, when they received a visit from a gang of jumpers. The party prospected a little and finding only the girls around began operations. But they calculated without their host, for the girls at once ordered them to leave. They refused to do and the girls opened fire with Winchester repeating arms. At the first fire two of the attacking party fell and the others returned the fire. A lively fight followed during the next five minutes, and Smith and Whipple coming up the "jumpers" jumped out and left the brave girls and their husbands in undisputed possession.

Untied by a Dog.

Harry Jones and his daughter, accompanied by a large dog, took a stroll last week in the hills near Diggers' Gulch, Wyoming Territory. They were fired on by Indians, and Jones was instantly killed. His daughter was captured by the red skins and held until the pockets of the corpse were rifled of their contents, and then she was bound to the corpse with a rawhide lariat, and left to starve. The dog, which the Indians had ever looked, came to the rescue, and encouraged by the girl, gnawed the rawhide loose, and the girl made her way back to the camp. A party of miners went out and brought in the body which was given a Christian burial. The dog is now a hero and will always be treated with consideration in Digger's Gulch.

FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Edwin Booth.

The name of Booth is a proud one in dramatic history. One of the greatest actors on the English stage more than a century ago was Barton Booth, and his name has been lifted to still higher eminence by his successors. As long as the American drama retains a place in the popular memory Junius Brutus Booth will figure in its most illustrious light. Next to him must rank his son.

Edwin Booth is beyond dispute the greatest tragic actor on the American stage to-day. With less inspirational power than his great father, he still possesses greater polish. The even grace and sustained intelligence and fervor of his acting are more agreeable to modern audiences than the fitful fire of the eccentric genius whose mantle has fallen on the shoulders of his son.

Since his return from Europe, where his London impersonations stamped him as a successful actor for the exacting British public as he has been for our own playgoers, Mr. Booth has been playing a splendidly profitable engagement in this city at the theatre he reared and which bears his name. It is a just tribute to the merits of a great artist that in the temple whose erection to the muse he does tribute to cost him the fortune of his earlier professional career, the substantial addition to a second fortune should accrue to him.

Our picture represents Mr. Booth as "Hamlet." It is one of his most successful roles, and the face, full of intelligence and power, which looks out from our page, is that of the actor and man who most of all does honor to the American drama at home and abroad.

Fanny Davenport.

This eminent American actress comes of a family of repute and known in the profession in which she is so shining a light. Her father was an actor who possessed few superiors on our stage; her mother an English actress of distinction, who in her earlier years repeated here the successes she had won in London. Fanny Davenport was born in London. Her father, who had gone to England as leading support for Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, had remained and married there. Fanny was the first offspring of a union which was prolific

enough to contribute several other less eminent but still able actresses to the playhouse in America.

Few playgoers will fail to recall Fanny Davenport's early successes in New York. She was the bright, illustrious attraction of Augustin Daly's theatre, as Clara Morris had been before her. In conjunction with the noble company Mr. Daly had collected she made his plays and playhouse famous throughout America and laid for herself the foundation of a popularity by which she is now profiting.

Miss Davenport is a versatile actress and in her time has played nearly every line of parts in the range of the drama. But her forte is such roles as give her an opportunity for the display of her strong dramatic and emotional powers. Like her eminent father, she is capable of the highest and airiest brightness of comedy, but her essential strength is in the rendition of more thoroughly human sentiment. A great actress and an amiable and intellectual woman, Fanny Davenport has earned her popularity by hard work and inborn talent, and well deserves whatever favors the public has bestowed upon her.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATES AT A DISCOUNT.

[With Portraits.]

The town of Valparaiso, Ind., is terribly excited over charges of immorality preferred against Reason Shinabarger, the county superintendent of schools. The scandal is contained in the following charges which have been filed in the office of the auditor of Porter county:

To the BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS OF PORTER COUNTY:—The undersigned, citizens and tax payers of Porter county, respectfully represent to your honorable body that, on the 6th day of June, 1881, the township trustees of said county did elect in the manner provided by law Reason Shinabarger, of said county, to the office of county superintendent, who duly qualified as such officer elect, and ever since has been and now is the incumbent of said office.

And the undersigned do hereby petition your honorable body to dismiss the said Reason Shinabarger from said office, and declare the same vacant, on the following grounds, to wit:

First—Said Reason Shinabarger has violated the duties of his office by acting as agent for the sale of text-books used in the common schools of Porter county by the pupils thereof.

Second—Said Reason Shinabarger is a person of immoral character, and has been guilty of gross immorality in this:

1. On the 17th day of September, 1881, at the county of Porter aforesaid, said Reason Shinabarger committed the act of fornication with some female person to your petitioners unknown.

2. On the 17th day of September, 1881, at the county of Porter, aforesaid, Reason Shinabarger committed the act of adultery with some female person to your petitioners unknown.

3. On or about the 20th day of August, 1881, and at divers times before that, he, by words, acts, signs, and gestures, made lewd solicitations and advances to one Pearl Elliott, who was then an applicant before him for a license to teach in the common schools of the State in said county of Porter.

4. On or about the 20th day of August, 1881, and at divers times before that, he, by words, acts, signs, and gestures made lewd solicitations and advances to one Mary Purdy, who was then an applicant before him for a license to teach in the common schools of the State, in said county of Porter.

5. That on or about the 3d day of September, 1881, at said county of Porter, the said Reason Shinabarger was guilty of adultery with some female person to those petitioners unknown.

6. That on or about the 12th day of September, 1881, at the county of Porter, aforesaid, said Reason Shinabarger was guilty of adultery with some female person to your petitioners unknown.

7. That on or about the 5th day of July, 1881, at the county of Porter, said Reason Shinabarger was guilty of adultery with some female person to your petitioners unknown.

8. That at divers times and at divers places, to these petitioners unknown, at the county of Porter and State of Indiana, within the years 1880 and 1881, the said Reason Shinabarger has been guilty of adultery and villainous lewdness with females to your petitioners unknown, and within the same period he has likewise been guilty of making lewd and indecent proposals to divers females to your petitioners unknown.

Joseph Peirce, G. A. Sayles, J. H. Patrick, G. W. Conover, S. Bartholomew, George Finney, M. F. Foyles, H. M. Buel, John Fishburn, E. W. Rice, R. W. Jones, J. F. Carter, W. L. Wilson, A. L. Brown, R. P. Jones, T. A. Hogan, Jacob Fisher, D. F. Jones, W. A. Bryant, L. W. Childs, John Dunning (J. P.), A. V. Bartholomew, R. A. Dunlap, J. F. McCarthy, A. J. Peirce, H. D. Newtown, C. W. Bartholomew, Joseph Kimerer, F. Joel, Erasmus Ball, W. P. Wilcox, H. M. Beer, Julius Strauss.

Miss Pearl Elliott vigorously resented the insults, but it is said that Miss Purdy has con-

fessed to the truth of the charge. Shinabarger denies the immorality charges *in toto*, but admits the first identification.

COL. GEORGE B. CORKHILL.

[With Portrait.]

Col. George B. Corkhill, District Attorney of the District of Columbia, was born in New Rumley, Ohio, November 29, 1838. On the outbreak of the civil war he organized a company of volunteers, of which he was chosen captain. Soon after he was appointed a Commissary of Subsistence and later was on the staff of Generals Burns, Sedgwick, Hancock, Couch, Owens and Gibbons, being subsequently brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel for gallantry in the Peninsular Campaign.

In 1870 he removed to Washington, D. C., where he became part proprietor and managing editor of the *Daily Chronicle* and shortly afterwards was appointed to the position which he now holds and which requires him to prosecute Guiteau.

ILICIT LOVE.

A Husband's Long Chase After an Erring Wife—Two Deserted Brooklyn Homes—Wilhelmina Freese Robs Her Husband and Elopes—Capture of the Sinners in San Francisco.

Up to the 1st of last month D. J. A. Gils, a carpenter, and his wife and John Freese, a saloon-keeper, and wife were neighbors and intimate friends in Brooklyn, N. Y. Early in the forenoon of that day Freese sent his wife to the bank to draw a small sum of money needed for the payment of some bills, thinking that she would draw no more than was needed.

On closing up business for the night he was astonished to find his home dark and silent, with no explanation of the absence of his wife and her son, a lad of 14 years by a previous marriage. Some search was made for her by the disappointed husband who only learned that Gils had also disappeared.

A visit to the bank on the following morning disclosed the fact that, instead of the small sum ordered, Mrs. Freese had drawn \$1,925, being all the money her husband had on deposit. This settled all doubt in Freese's mind, and he at once put the case into the hands of Robert A. Pinkerton of Pinkerton's detective agency. Mr. Pinkerton was unable to discover any trace of the guilty pair in New York, but on the 13th ult. telegraphed to Capt. I. W. Lees of San Francisco, giving a description of Gils, Mrs. Freese and the boy, and stating that he had reason to believe they were en route for that city.

Detective John Meagher was given the description and told to look out for the fugitives, which he did, finding them in the American Exchange Hotel, where they registered as D. J. Ringle, wife and son, on the 18th ult. The New York officers were communicated with. Meagher in the meantime keeping watch of the trio. On the 21st they left the American Exchange for rooms in a lodging-house on Bush street, between Kearny and Montgomery streets.

On the 23d Mrs. Freese deposited \$1,400 in the German Savings Bank—\$1,300 in the name of Mrs. Wilhelmina Ringle and \$100 in the names of herself and son. Four or five days were occupied in buying household furniture, and on the 29th the trio began housekeeping in a small house on Natoma street. Gils at once sought work at his trade, and found little difficulty in obtaining it, and all was apparently progressing smoothly with the guilty lovers. They failed, however, to take into account the desire for vengeance that might be manifested by their legal better halves, and even before they were fairly settled Freese was speeding after them as fast as steam could carry him.

He arrived in the city on Sunday morning, and on Monday morning quietly put an attachment on the \$1,400 in bank, doing it in such a manner as not to alarm the thieves. Finding that the statute did not permit of a husband charging his wife with adultery, Freese hunted around until he discovered a former Brooklyn friend in the person of Mrs. Minnie Dierssen, of 518 Fourth street, Oakland. On Tuesday Mrs. Dierssen accompanied him to police headquarters, where she swore out a warrant charging the fickle Wilhelmina with living in a state of notorious and open cohabitation and adultery, while Freese performed the same kind operation for Gils. The warrants were placed in the hands of Officer Meagher, who succeeded in lodging the prisoners in the central station on charges of felony.

Mr. Freese is a tall, fine-looking man, and many comments are passed upon his wife's bad taste in deserting him for such a comparatively inferior specimen of manhood as is Gils. The latter left his wife without a cent, and Mr. Freese states that when he left Brooklyn she was in search of work in order to obtain a subsistence. Gils' paramour is a plain-looking though neatly dressed and lady-like personage, and does not seem to take her incarceration as hard as Gils does. Her boy is locked up with her until some other arrangements can be made for him.

Freese is very bitter against both parties, and announces his intention of prosecuting them to the end, and from his determined manner the chances of both runaways being lodged in San Quentin look extremely favorable. By advice of counsel both declined to make any statement.

CHARLIE'S CAPERS.

A Rich Scandal at Woodburn, O.—A Street Railroad Employee and a School Teacher Furnish the Morsel.

The quiet residents of the sober little town of Woodburn, O., are reveling in a scandal rich in detail and overflowing with the choicest morsels for the gossip-mongers. The dramatis personae are Charles Harris, a rather handsome fellow, Annie, his wife, sprightly and fine-looking, and Kate N., a dashing school teacher in the Nineteenth District, the proverbial interloper and destroyer of family firesides. Although Charles had gone to Columbus, Kate was absent in parts unknown, and the wife had returned to her home, the inhabitants of that staid hamlet were, last week, when the reporter took a trip out there, as unproductive of news as a stone of cedar. All knew a little about the affair, but none possessed good, substantial facts. Reportorial investigation, however, resulted in the compilation of the following rather interesting story:

Harris is twenty-seven years old, and came to Woodburn from Lancaster. He first became receiver for the street car company at the point named, and when the Woodburn office was abolished he was appointed stable-boss at the same place. He married five years ago Miss Annie Vacy. Their wedded life was, to all appearances, very pleasant, and three children came to cheer and brighten their home. The matrimonial alliance ran along smoothly until last spring, when the school teacher appeared on the scene. She was a neighbor of the couple, and being of a happy disposition, quickly formed an acquaintance with the husband and wife. When not occupied with her tutorial duties, she frequently assisted Mrs. Harris in her household affairs, and the two contracted quite a friendship for each other. The wife was about to become a mother, and Miss N.'s aid came in quite handy. Subsequent developments show, however, that her motives were not such as at first considered.

It seems that she would "drop in" on her way to school just in time to walk down the street with Charles, and while the relation between her and the wife was becoming so pleasant, so was it also with the better-half. The two were frequently seen together, but being neighbors, but little attention was paid to it. The promenades continued, and then the intimacy developed. While Kate N. should have been lending her abilities in teaching the young idea how to shoot, she was practicing in "The Lover's Letter Writer," the object of her epistolary efforts being the aforesaid Charles. She called him "My own darling," and often her affection gushed forth so copiously as to cover as many as five and six pages. Of course the fond husband replied, and the two then, it is alleged, changed their walks to the time when darkness comes upon the earth, and schemes unhallowed and unlawful are carried out. The twain found occasion to meet frequently, so report has it, and their Platonic love ended in practices illegal and illicit.

Two months ago the unsuspecting wife discovered the true nature of her supposed friend by means of a letter found in her husband's coat. The language of the billet doux was such as unmarried females are not justified in addressing to a wedded man.

With her eyes thus opened, Mrs. Harris closed on her husband and the teacher, driving the latter from her house the next time she called. After considerable work Harris secured forgiveness from his wife and got possession of the letter. Then, thinking that matters had quieted down, the couple resumed their midnight parades. Soon the people began to talk about them, and their clandestine meetings became the universal topic of conversation.

About three weeks ago Harris resigned his position, and, bidding his wife good-by, said that he was going to Columbus to get work. He claimed that his brother, who was receiver for the street railroad company at Avondale, had been discharged, and that he expected the same was in store for him. He told his wife that as soon as he was located he would send for his family.

After his departure the true state of affairs became known. The wife learned that they had been writing to and fro freely, and had otherwise been too intimate. Two weeks ago she went to Columbus, was warmly received by her husband, and stayed there until Monday last. While there she received a large number of letters and a picture of the frisky school-marm. She ascertained that Kate N. had been corresponding with Harris since he had left, and that she accompanied him to the depot and bade him good-by.

When Mrs. H. returned to Woodburn she took up her residence with her father on Elm street. On Thursday last, as matters were getting rather warm, Kate N. resigned her position in the school, and has not since been seen. One day last week, while she was riding in a street car, the two sisters of Harris, both married, got in. As soon as they recognized her they immediately began to state their opinions of her, and those, too, in unusually strong terms. She endeavored to leave the car, but they threatened to follow, and so the

interesting scene was continued until the two sisters arrived at their stopping place.

A colored man and an ex-street car conductor named Bentel have been placed in rather bad light in connection with the affair. The colored man, who is known as "Tiffy," acted as messenger, and made, it is said, an unsuccessful attempt to kidnap the oldest child. Bentel officiated as spy for Harris, and kept watch of the wife while he and the teacher were enjoying themselves. Since Harris' departure Bentel has resigned and gone no one knows where.

Mrs. Harris received a call from the reporter and was found to be a high-spirited and bright woman of twenty-five. She laid the cause of all her trouble to the school teacher, and said that by assuming the part of friend to her, she covered her eyes and made her advances to the husband. She stated that she found Harris very much down-hearted and anxious for pardon. She did not care to say much about the matter, but only wished that she could have more vengeance on the fair Kate N. The latter has a widowed mother and two brothers, whom she supported.

VICTIM OF A LEADVILLE REVIVAL.

How Claim Jumpers Started a Church and got a Valuable Mine.

He was on his way home from Leadville. He had on a ragged old Summer suit, a bad hat, and had been taking his meals about thirty hours apart to make his money carry him through.

"Yes, I like the country out that way," he replied to the query. "The climate is good, the scenery is fine, and some of the people is as honest as needs be. The trouble is in knowing how to take the bad."

"I should think that should be easy?"

"Yes, it looks that way, but I had some experience. I am the original diskiverer of the richest mine around Leadville. Yes, I am the very man, though you wouldn't think it to see these old clothes."

"Then you don't own it now?"

"Not a bit of it. I'll explain. I was poking around on the hills and found signs. I collected some specimens for assay; stalked off a claim and walked off to the assayers. It was two days before he let me know that I had struck the richest ore that he had ever assayed; and then I hurried back to my claim. Hang my buttons if it hadn't been jumped."

"How?"

"Why a gang of sharpers had found the spec, and built up a polo shanty, and hung out a sign of First Baptist Church over the door. True as shooting they had, and the law out there is no man can sink a shaft within two hundred feet of a church building. They saw me coming, and when I got there were holding a revival. There were six of them, and they got up one after another and told how wicked they had been and how sorry they were, and—would you believe it?—they had the cheek to ask me to lead off in singing. I went to law, but they beat me. Three days after this verdict the First Baptist Church burned down, and before the ashes were cold the congregation were developing a mine worth a million dollars. You see, I did not know how to take them."

"Was there any particular way to take them?"

"You bet there was! I ought to have opened on the revival with a Winchester rifle, and given the coroner fifty dollars for a verdict that they had come to their death from too much religion."

A BASE PEDAGOGUE.

He Ruins a Young Girl and Induces Her to Elope—A Mother's Pitiful Entreaties.

On Wednesday night the passengers who were waiting at Brighton, Ont., for the express on the Grand Trunk, which was some hours late, witnessed a scene of the most distressing nature.

A young girl hailing from a neighboring village, who was placed under the surveillance of an aunt for the purpose of preventing her holding meetings with a certain school teacher, who, it is said, had seduced and was now attempting to abduct her, had managed to lower her things from a window and leave the house unobserved, but was overtaken at the station by her aunt, at whom she flew with all the fury of a tigress, and made good her escape before the passengers knew what was happening.

A few moments later her aged mother arrived, bareheaded and breathless, only to learn that her daughter had escaped, at which she broke down entirely; but shortly after, feeling the necessity of doing something, told an eye-witness the following:

"My poor girl is only sixteen years (she looks more like twelve), and we have been having no end of trouble with her. A married man, a school teacher, led the poor child astray, and is now at Coborne, waiting to meet her and start for the States, and my God, sir, if you can do anything to prevent it you will have my deepest thanks. Could we not telegraph and have him locked up? My husband is now on his way back home."

At this point some young men found the girl and returned with her to the station, and

meeting her mother another scene was enacted. She was struck with remorse when she saw her poor old mother's grief stricken face. She insisted on going back home with her bare-headed, that her mother might have some covering for her grey hairs.

On making inquiry it was learned that this monster is a married man, but lately abused and drove from home a good and affectionate wife that he might more successfully accomplish the ruin of this poor young girl. And now the question arises, can nothing be done to punish this villain? or shall it be necessary for the aged father and mother of the girl to keep her in confinement as long as this man chooses to remain and harass them?

A CONGRESSIONAL SCANDAL.

Why a Missouri Member of the House Has Separated From His Wife.

There is a lively stir in Washington political and social circles over a Congressional scandal which involves a well-known Congressman. Less than a year ago Hon. John B. Clark, Jr., who for the past eight years has represented the Eleventh Missouri district in Congress and has been re-elected to the Forty-seventh Congress, married a Mrs. C. Jacoby Weil, a dashing and handsome widow, a clerk in one of the departments.

Both parties were well known, and the happy couple were the recipients of many costly presents from their numerous friends, and soon started on an extended wedding tour. When the Forty-sixth Congress convened Mr. and Mrs. Clark returned to the city and located at 1325 F street, Northwest. They appeared to be very much devoted to each other, and it was rare thing, indeed, to see one without the other. For months and months after the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Clark were almost daily promenaders on the avenue, and it was frequently remarked by their friends that they were living as happy as two young doves.

They spent the past summer at the watering places and a few weeks ago returned to this city and took up their quarters at Grant row, on Capitol Hill. So far as the outside world is concerned the couple were living in blissful happiness until about two weeks ago.

The evening *Critic* is responsible for the statement that at that time General Clark took occasion to reprimand his wife for remaining out late at night. Her absence, it is alleged, continued night after night, and Gen. Clark, the *Critic* says, believing that all was not right, took a detective into his confidence and requested him to shadow his wife. This the detective did, and his labors were, it is said, rewarded by seeing the lady, in company with a male companion, go into a saloon. He reported his observations to Gen. Clark, who implored his wife to cease her downward course and not break up the family ties. Mrs. Clark promised to obey the commands of her husband, but she did not keep her word, and a few nights after returned to her old habits and kept it up night after night, at times going home in an exhilarated condition.

General Clark, finding that his appeals were in vain, resolved to leave his wife. In company with his friend, Lieut. Fink, of the Capitol police force, he recently went to his residence and removed all his personal effects to a down-town hotel, where he is now located. Mrs. Clark still remains at their house in Grant row. In view of the high standing of both parties the affair has created the most intense excitement. The sympathy of all seems to be on Gen. Clark's side, who is a high-minded, polished and popular gentleman.

CAUGHT BY A FLATTENED FINGER.

Detective Abrams kept for many years a scrap book in which he pasted accounts of crimes in which rewards were offered for the arrest of the criminals. Turning over the leaves of this volume a short time ago he found that a surprising number were still at large. Then he reasoned that Leadville was a likely place for such wanderers to drift and resolved to go there. He frequented the public resorts of that city for weeks, looking for men answering the book's numerous descriptions. One night he observed that a roisteror in a barroom had a peculiarly flattened finger. That was a mark of John Ott, who committed a murder at Tazewell, Ill., in 1869, and for whose arrest an offer of \$1,000 still held good. Ott's identity was fully established, and the detective has been paid the money.

WARNED BY A KU-KLUX.

R. C. Taylor, John Files, Jesse Files, and James Lorrance, leading citizens of Stone County, Ark., have been warned to leave or take the consequences. The following is the warning notice: "You will have to leave this State or die. We give you damned rascals 10 days to get out in. If you don't leave death is your dome. Sined by twelve good citizens. Dod Shot is on the list, and in the ring." A half circle was made of Hs and Ks under the notice, and on the back of the notice was a circle, at the top of which were the letters O. H. K. Friends of the gentleman warned fear the worst, as the four gentlemen refuse to obey the ominous and mysterious command.

THEY TRAVELED BY DAY.

A Woman in Charge of Her Husband's Friend.

A middle-aged gentleman, well dressed, and a woman who would pass as his wife without a question, walked into the Commercial hotel at Chicago, late on the afternoon of Monday. They were registered by the former as S. C. Graves and lady, of Fond du Lac, Wis., and were shown at once to room No. 239. Later they took tea together, and chatted pleasantly at the table as two well-mated people of opposite sexes are wont to do. They spent the evening in doors, and at an early hour retired together, of course. Toward midnight a plainly-dressed individual, with a business air, entered the hotel and made inquiry for the gentleman whose name is recorded above. Finding it recorded as an all-night guest, he quietly wrote his own name upon the register, but made no immediate demand for a room. He announced that he was an under sheriff from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He was in search of a couple who had eloped from that town—one a prominent merchant of the place, and the other the wife of a well-to-do citizen, at whose instigation he (the under sheriff) had traced them to Chicago. The recreant pair were S. C. Graves and the wife of Henry Epley. While offering these words of explanation a telegram was handed the officer, which read as follows:

"CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, Oct. 3, 1881.

"SPENCER JACKSON, Commercial House:

"Find out without doubt whether they are in bed together and answer immediately."

"HENRY EPLEY."

Mr. Jackson requested that he be shown to the room occupied by Mr. Graves and the lady. After prolonged rapping the door was thrown open, a light was struck at the order of the officer, and a glance was sufficient to convince Mr. Jackson that he would be compelled to send an affirmative answer to the telegram. This he did. What immediately followed was a representative of *The Times* learned from a gentleman who occupied an adjoining room, and who was awaked by the loud knock at the door. The lady expressed the greatest surprise at the apparent lack of confidence on the part of her husband, who had caused her to be followed and thus harassed by an officer of the law. She assured Mr. Jackson that there was not the slightest cause for it, although, in her inexperience in travelling she may have been indiscreet in admitting Mr. Graves to her room. She said that she was bound east in his company with the consent and under the direction of her husband. Both happened to be going east at the same time and, as Mr. Graves and Mr. Epley were on the best of terms, the latter had asked that the favor be shown him of acting as his wife's escort. Her health, she said, was not good, and her husband had stipulated that there should be no travelling at night. They had reached Chicago and come to the Commercial hotel. She was shown to her room and was about to retire, when Mr. Graves rapped at the door and told her that the house was so full that he would be compelled to stay up all night. She thought it would be unkind not to offer the comfort of a bed on the floor which was at her disposal, although it might not be exactly the proper thing to do. She did this, and he was actually sleeping on the floor, and not occupying the bed with her.

The sheriff thought the amicable arrangement should not be interfered with, so he ordered a cot and slept at the door on the outside while his prisoners passed the night in the room. He guarded them carefully during yesterday, saying nothing to anybody. He was not idle, however, as the following dispatches show. Though the history is fragmentary, they tell the day's story plainly enough.

It will be remembered that the sheriff had sent over the wires the facts as he found them the night previous. The following dispatch came in reply:

"CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, Oct. 4, 1881.

"SPENCER JACKSON, Commercial House:

"Have him send me \$100 immediately for expenses."

"HENRY EPLEY."

What the reply was is not known, but very soon this second dispatch came:

"CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, Oct. 4, 1881.

"SPENCER JACKSON: Have him send me \$50 at once, or hold him until I procure a warrant."

"HENRY EPLEY."

Possibly the demands were both complied with; possibly not. At any rate, the sheriff stated later that Mr. Graves had "given bonds to appear for trial when wanted." In the afternoon the latter shouldered his grip sack and proceeded on his journey eastward. He went away in the best of spirits. Still later Jackson started for home, accompanied by Mrs. Epley, who went away in an apparently cheerful mood. The following dispatch received before her departure may have had something to do with her composure:

"CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, Oct. 4, 1881.

"LAURA EPLEY, Commercial House:

"Come home on the first train. All here think you sick. We can talk over matters then."

"HENRY EPLEY."

Such are the facts disclosed by a page torn from the book of mankind's shortcomings. The reader may draw his own conclusions.



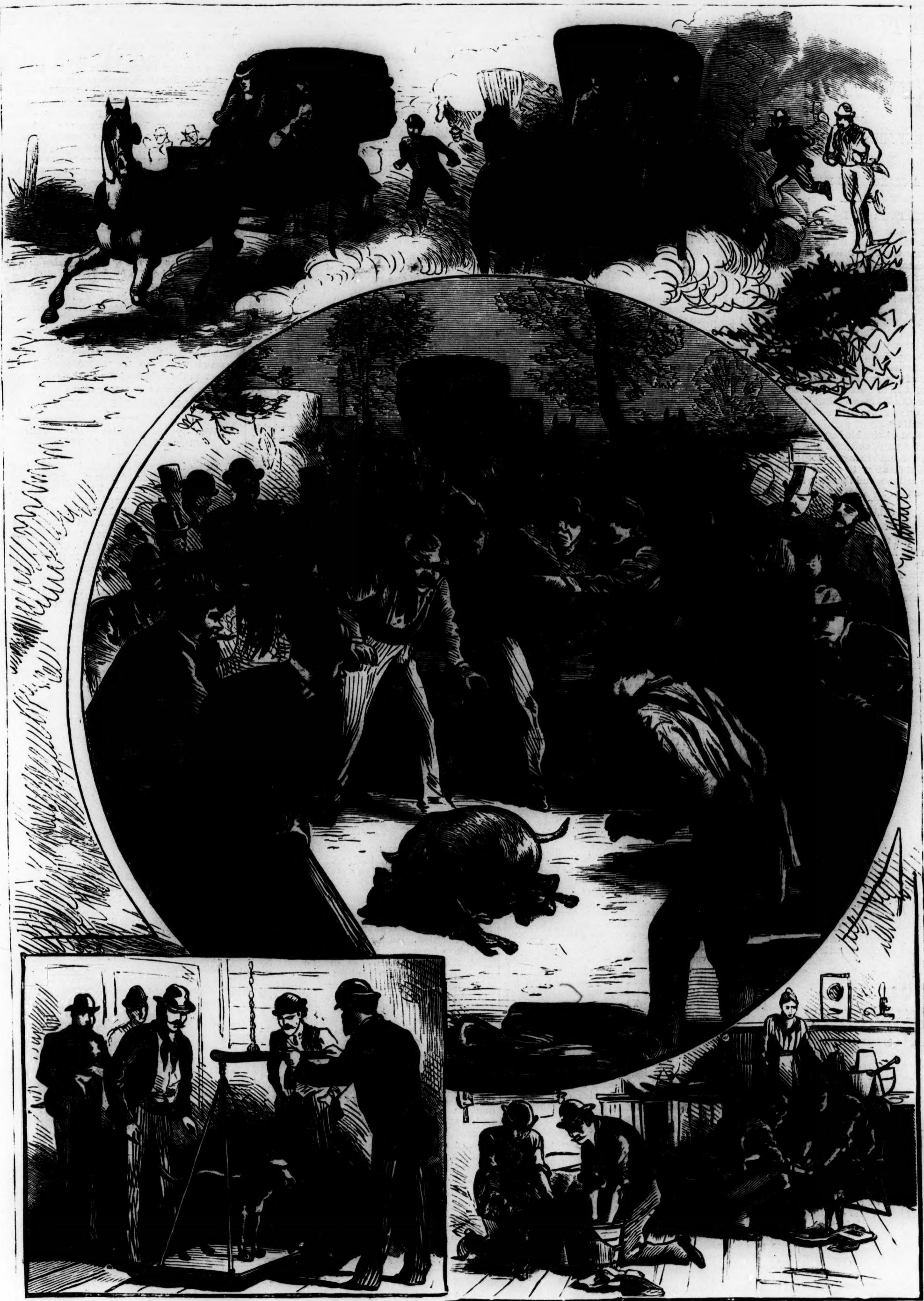
JUMPING CLAIM JUMPERS

HOW SOME GIRLS RECEIVED A GANG OF RASCALS WHO SOUGHT TO JUMP A RICH CLAIM AND SAVED THE FIND; CONTENTION CAMP, IDAHO.



"HARRY OR NO WORK!"

HOW FOUR HUNDRED GIRLS SHOWED THEIR AFFECTION FOR A FAVORITE FOREMAN, AND SOUGHT TO BRING THEIR EMPLOYERS TO TERMS;
JERSEY CITY, N. J.



DEAD DOG IN THE PIT.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT INTER-STATE BATTLE BETWEEN "PILOT" AND "CRIB."—GOING TO THE FIGHT; PREPARING FOR THE COMBAT; THE LAST GRAPPLE.

[From Sketches by the Police Gazette Special Correspondent.]

THE
MAN-TRAPS
OF
NEW YORK.

WHAT THEY ARE AND WHO WORK THEM

BY A CELEBRATED DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"I was ashamed, and without hesitation put my hand into my pocket and gave the honest fellow two fifty dollar bills. He took it quickly, shook hands and disappeared. I am in the habit of stopping at the Tremont House when I am in the city; when I reached my room I had the curiosity to look at my prize to see how much I really had. When I opened it I found a counterfeit one hundred dollar bill on the Beverley Bank of Massachusetts, and the rest were show bills, &c., and a few leaves from the diary of a physician, I was thunderstruck, not so much on account of the loss of the hundred dollars as I was at the depravity of the man. Can it be true that this man, with all his seeming sorrow, was a villain, or was he the victim of a mistake as well as myself?"

I assured the victim his honest man was an unmitigated scamp, and gave him this advice, which I now extend to my readers:

There is but one way to avoid being taken in by these fellows, and that is to immediately call a policeman.

CHAPTER IX.

THE POLICY SKIN.

To begin with, there is no more barefaced a swindle on the American or any other continent than policy. Put a pin in that, dear reader, and keep it there, while I discourse to you some words of interest about policy and its votaries in New York.

The policy shops of New York are legion. Some are run in the guise of brokers' offices, others in cigar stores, coal and wood agencies, news vendors' shops, and even bar-rooms and restaurants. The front establishment conducts a legitimate business. Behind a partition in the rear the policy clerk or "writer" takes your money and gives you your paper slips with your chosen numbers inscribed on them in a lamp-lighted room, with no furniture but a battered desk, a blackboard on the wall for the winning numbers to be chalked upon, and a couple of dirty dream books in English and German hanging by a chain. The surroundings of policy are like the game itself, mean, sordid, and to every decent sensibility disgusting.

No game of chance, however, is more extensively played in the city of New York than policy. Faro has an army of followers; but policy players are a legion. As a rule, faro players are policy players also, especially the dealers, lookouts, cue keepers, and others connected in the running of the game. Some of them play very heavily, but the majority do not. They regard policy as an amusing playing—something to be indulged in during the day, when their own business is dull. So the money they draw from the faro bank goes into the policy shop, in exchange, if they make a "hit" the money invariably goes into the faro bank.

Jack Shaw is a noted Bowery player, and "Shaw's gig" is known from the Battery to Harlem. The numbers composing it are 6, 12, 24, 53. A negro waiter in an east side saloon gave a gambler what he assured him was a "dead sure thing." The gambler played the numbers and won \$1,200, of which he gave the waiter one-fourth. The Ethiopian thereafter became an object of envy and reverence to all his acquaintances, and to this day picks up many a dollar a week giving points on policy, none of which are so lucky, however, as his first.

Many regard policy as the negroes' game exclusively, but that is a mistake. The white devotees of the game outnumber the colored five to one. Gamblers as a class are very superstitious, the policy player especially so. His time is divided between trying to guess the lucky numbers and avoiding evil omens. Bad luck walks arm in arm with him under every ladder; if he forgets anything and has to turn back he is ruined for the day; if he accidentally lets something fall from his hand he has "dropped his luck;" and if he meets a cross-eyed person, especially the first thing on Monday morning, he is plunged into despair. This latter is considered the most unfortunate circumstance that can possibly happen, as it puts bad luck on a man for the whole week.

It is estimated by an old policy player that every dollar a man gets out of the game costs him at least five, without counting his time and torment of mind. For instance, hundreds of men play the numbers 4, 11, 44 every day regularly, and this well-known "gig" only comes out about once a year, or say once

in every 600 drawings. This is especially the negro's "gig." He watches for its coming day after day with fond anticipation. He would rather "ketch dat 'ar gig" for five dollars than receive a present of ten. It furnishes him with a subject of conversation and renders him a hero in "Africa."

The lotteries now sold in New York are all supposed to be drawn in Kentucky, and pay to that State annually a certain sum, either into the school fund or for the benefit of orphans. They are really almost all made up, even without the formality of a drawing, in New York by experts who calculate them so as to give whatever winnings are given to the least number of people who have bought certain numbers.

Years ago numbers were drawn from a wheel, on the steps of the old City Hall in the Park, and when the State Legislature annulled the charter of the lottery company, and declared the game illegal, it moved over to New Jersey where it was drawn as late as 1850. It was a standard joke in the old time to find out what numbers a man had played, and then stop at the City Hall and take a copy of the numbers drawn with his in it, of course, and then enjoy him running off to collect his imaginary winnings.

When the lottery was driven from New York, interested persons used to cross over to New Jersey to witness the drawing, and the numbers were taken from the wheel amid the greatest excitement. Some numbers were received with derisive hoots and howls, and others applauded; and all through the drawing certain favorites would be loudly and continually called for, and if they failed to appear curses filled the air.

After being driven out of New Jersey, the lottery then found refuge in several other places, notably Delaware, Maryland, and other Southern States. The principal drawings now take place at Covington, Ky., opposite Cincinnati. The numbers from 1 to 78 inclusive are put into glass globes and placed in a wheel. This wheel is turned until the numbers are well mixed, when a boy, with his eyes tightly bandaged and arm bare, draws forth one of the globes, which is unscrewed and the number in it called. From ten to fourteen numbers are thus drawn, according to the size of the lottery. The drawing is immediately telegraphed on to New York in cipher, certain words standing for certain numbers.

After the drawing is translated a list of the numbers on a "running slip," as it is called, is sent to the various policy shops. No "hits" are paid on the running slips, as some of the numbers are invariably wrong. About an hour or so after the drawings are received in New York a printed slip is sent to every office, and then all claims are promptly settled.

The managers, being in an unlawful business in this State, have the opportunity to swindle as they please. The players have no redress. Ten thousand dollar "hits" have been made, according to tradition, and "hits" of from \$5,000 to \$1,500 are known of sometimes, so people say. In fact, though no very heavy prizes are ever paid, if one has by accident been drawn at any office the place is shut up, and the "lucky" holder left to curse himself into good humor and commence over again.

The most of the money spent in policy is on "gigs" and "combinations." A "gig" is composed of three numbers and they must all come out in the same lottery to entitle the player to win. Besides "gigs" there are "saddles," "capitals," "horses," "cross-plays," and "station numbers." Gigs pay \$100 for one, capital saddles \$500 for a dollar, and station numbers \$60.

It is very amusing to watch the players when the slips first arrive. A chorus of voices break out with "What's first?" When they are informed their eager look gives place to one of disappointment. The man running the office, with chalk in one hand and the slip in the other, copies the numbers on his blackboard in regular order. During this operation quiet prevails. There is no peeping over his shoulder at the slip to learn one's fate at once, each man preferring to nurse hope till the very last. For five minutes after the numbers are up the players, with disappointed and care-worn looks, gaze fixedly at them as if they were viewing some rare old work of art. This short season of despair over, they are up and at it again more eagerly and confident than ever.

There is a joke among policy players that the game is the best in the world, because so many can play at it at once. It looks easy to guess three numbers out of 78, and there is about one chance in a thousand of doing it. Add to this the dishonest manipulation of the drawings, and the almost hopelessness of winning is apparent. Different players have various ways of picking out the numbers that they think will come out. Some go by dreams exclusively, some play any chance numbers that they run across in the streets, while others make a study of the game, far the largest class, and in about almost every office there will be found some oracle who will interpretations with all the confidence of a Joseph.

If players have no faith in the oracle they consult a book, to be found in every office, called the "Wheel of Fortune."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FISTIC GLADIATORS

The Coming Great Battle Between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan.

A Sketch of the Boston Pugilist Matched to Fight for \$5,000 and the Championship, Against the Police Gazette Champion.

One of the greatest sporting events of 1882 will be the great prize fight between Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., and John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass. These noted pugilists are to enter a twenty-four-foot ring, to be erected within one hundred miles of New Orleans on February 7, 1882, and fight at catch weights according to the New Rules of the London Prize Ring for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world. Sullivan is being backed by Billy Madden and a noted sporting man of Boston, while the POLICE GAZETTE is finding the sinews of war on behalf of Ryan.

There has been no battle for the championship of America since Paddy Ryan defeated Joe Goss, England's ex-champion, for \$2,000 and the title, at Collier's Station, Brooke county, Pa., on June 1, 1880. Only few old ring men and sporting men who are judges and able to decide on the merits of pugilists witnessed that battle, therefore there are few who can judge of Ryan's ability as a pugilist. Goss' friends claim that he was old and stale, and that it was all that Ryan could do to win; but that as it may, Ryan made a great fight and won on his merits. In regard to Ryan's condition we might state that he should not have been allowed to fight Goss that day, because he was not in condition, and he entered the ring a sick man, which only his friends knew. Goss made a great fight, and for nearly thirty rounds punished Ryan terribly and looked every inch a winner. It must be understood that Ryan had never fought in the ring while Goss was a prize ring hero of two countries, a pugilist who had faced the cleverest pugilist England ever produced and whose science and pluck could not for a moment be questioned.

Ryan's pluck and tremendous hitting won the battle, and although Goss was defeated he was not disgraced. Since the great battle between Goss and Ryan another pugilist has loomed up who, one would believe, to listen to the echoes from Boston, Chicago and this city, is the next champion. This pugilist is John L. Sullivan, of Boston, now matched to fight Ryan. Sullivan has never fought according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring, but sporting men are confident that he can not only make Ryan give up the championship, but defeat any pugilist in the world. Sullivan has great confidence in his ability; he possesses great hitting power, and never yet met a pugilist who could hurt him. It is the battle between these great pugilists that the sporting men on Feb. 7, 1882, will wager their money. The battle will be a stubborn one and the best man will win. The following is a sketch of Sullivan:

John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., was born in that city Oct. 15, 1858. He stands 5 feet 10 1/2 in. in his stockings and weighs 175 pounds trained in condition. He was brought up in Boston and since he was 16 years of age he has figured at boxing exhibitions in Boston. By constant exercise his muscles were greatly developed and his many admirers styled him "Strong Boy" Sullivan. He first gained notoriety in the pugilistic world by knocking Joe Goss out of time in a boxing bout at Boston. Sullivan's terrific hitting on this occasion created quite a sensation. George Cooke, the pugilist who had gained considerable reputation in the prize ring, was invited to Boston to spar with Sullivan and the Boston Hercules served Cooke the auctioneer in just the same manner as he did England's ex-champion. Sullivan accompanied the crowd to the Ryan and Goss fizzle at Erie, Pa., in June, 1880, and offered to fight John Donaldson, of Cleveland, Ohio, who was claimed to be a terror with his mauls. Donaldson refused to meet the Boston champion, however.

In December, 1880, Sullivan was matched to fight John L. Donaldson with hard gloves, for a purse. Cincinnati, Ohio, was the battle ground. The fight was decided Dec. 23, 1880, and it was a one-sided affair. Donaldson was no match for Sullivan. The Boston champion knocked Donaldson all to pieces in eleven rounds, lasting twenty minutes. Sullivan then came to New York and gave an exhibition at Harry Hill's. Sullivan offered any pugilist in America \$50 that would spar four rounds, Queensbury rules. John Mahan, of Jersey City, better known as Steve Taylor, agreed to face the Boston pugilist and Harry Hill was referee. Sullivan knocked Taylor out of time in two rounds. Sullivan was then matched to fight John Flood, with gloves, for a purse of \$750. The battle was fought on a barge on the Hudson River on May 16, 1881. Sullivan proved that he had greatly improv-

ed. He outfought Flood in eight rounds, lasting sixteen minutes. Sullivan quit the ring without receiving any punishment worth mentioning. Since that he has fought in numerous sparring exhibitions in Philadelphia, Chicago and New York, and gained.

The following are the pugilists who have fallen victims to Sullivan's sledge hammer mauls: Joe Goss, ex-champion of England; George Cooke, of New York; Dan Dwyer, of Springfield, Mass.; Steve Taylor, of Jersey City; Fred Crossley, of Philadelphia; John Flood, of New York; Byrne, the Michigan giant, and Jack Stewart, of Canada. It must be understood that none of Sullivan's battles with the above pugilists were fought according to the rules of the London Prize Ring, but glove contests, Queensbury Rules. Sullivan has never fought in the ring, but there is not the least doubt that when he enters the magic circle at New Orleans he will make a great effort to secure the height of his ambition—the heavy weight championship. Sullivan will have to have his wits about him to defeat Ryan, who has proved by his great battle with Joe Goss that he is a formidable pugilist and one hard to conquer. The POLICE GAZETTE is bound the pugilists shall meet if possible on Feb. 7, 1882, and the motto is may the best man win.

Both pugilists are strong, young and powerful and each will stand a great amount of punishment. In the meantime the POLICE GAZETTE will keep its 100,000 readers well posted on the doings of the rival gladiators.

ALL ABOUT A CHECK.

A Wealthy Philadelphian Sued—A Curious Story of New York Ways.

A suit of unusual interest, involving as it does the reputation of Isaac Hazelhurst, an old and wealthy member of the Philadelphia Bar, and a prominent member of the Episcopal Church, is on trial in Philadelphia.

The plaintiff is Henry D. Hood, a New York broker, who sued to recover \$2,900, the full value of a check signed by Mr. Hazelhurst, which he claims, came to him in the regular course of business, but concerning which the plaintiff and defendant tell very different stories. Mr. Hazelhurst says that while in New York about a year ago, attending the Episcopal Convention in this city, to which he was a delegate, he was met on the street by a young man, who obtained his name. Soon afterward he was met by another young man, who introduced himself as the son of Anthony J. Drexel, the well-known banker, and asked Mr. Hazelhurst to go with him to look at a lot of oil paintings he had just imported. While examining the paintings, a person who represented himself as connected with the Customs service, entered and told the alleged Mr. Drexel that the duties on the paintings, amounting to \$2,940, must be paid at once. The other pleaded hard for one day's grace, in which time he would receive the money from his father, but the officer was inexorable, and finally, as a last resort, the young man appealed to Mr. Hazelhurst for a loan, which was granted. The promised check not being forthcoming from Mr. Drexel the next day, Mr. Hazelhurst stopped payment on his own and hence the suit.

The plaintiff says he bought the check from one A. P. Mitchell, after making inquiries which satisfied him that the drawer was "good for any amount he would put his pen to." It was endorsed "J. C. Oliver," and the plaintiff's counsel say that Oliver is the keeper of a gambling den in New York; that Mitchell is his tool, and that the check was really given for a gambling debt. According to this story Mr. Hazelhurst was enticed into a little game of faro, became interested, and after losing all his ready cash was induced to give a number of small checks to meet excessive losses. These checks, it is alleged, he subsequently destroyed, and gave the check in controversy to cover the entire amount.

The affair has caused a great deal of excitement in society circles there, and the trial is awaited with interest. It is confidently expected that Mr. Hazelhurst will be able to clear his reputation from the cloud cast upon it, but the assertions of the other side are both definite and persistent.

HE ADMIRE HER HAIR.

Between three and four o'clock last Thursday Mrs. Otterson of Wheeling, W. Va., was aroused by a noise in the room, and she saw some one ransacking her bureau drawers. Thinking it might be the domestic, she said: "What are you doing?" She was horrified to hear the reply, "If you make any noise or call out, I'll blow your brains out," and a man with heavy black cloth over his face stood by her bedside pointing the muzzle of a revolver at her head. He then ordered the affrighted lady to get up, and dragging her to a chair said: "Now, I have always admired your beautiful hair, and I'm going to have it." Grasping a pair of shears, he cut it off close to her head. He then demanded if she had any money. She replied that she had six dollars. "Well, hand it out here," said the ruffian, and the money was handed to him. The man then left and the woman sank fainting on the floor. Mr. Otterson was away at the time.

DEAD DOG IN THE PIT.

The Great Inter-State Battle Between
Crib, of Louisville, and Pilot,
of New York,

For \$2,000 and the Championship of
America, Fought at Louisville,
October 19, 1881.

The New York Dog Wins, and Leaves the
Louisville Champion Dead
in the Pit.

The great Inter-State dog fight for \$2,000 and the Championship of the United States between Louis Kreiger's imported white dog Crib, of Louisville, Ky., and Charles Lloyd's imported brindle and white dog Pilot, of New York, was fought at Garr's Farm, six miles from Louisville, Ky., on Oct. 19. The battle was one of the most important ever fought in this country, and we believe there never was a battle fought that created such a widespread interest. The great match came about in this wise:

Louis Kreiger, of Louisville, recently sent on a challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE offering to match Crib against any dog in the world to fight a fair scratch-in-turn fight for \$1,000 a side.

The challenge was conditionally accepted through the POLICE GAZETTE by Charles Lloyd, better known as "Cockney Charley," wherein he agreed to match Pilot against Crib at 27½ pounds for \$1,000, and allow the backers of the Louisville canine one hundred dollars for expenses to fight near New York. Kreiger at once sent the following business-like proposition to the POLICE GAZETTE:

"I will allow Lloyd \$100 expenses to fight near Pittsburg, and arrange a match to fight at 28 pounds and allow the POLICE GAZETTE to hold the stakes and Richard K. Fox to select the referee."

Lloyd at once accepted this challenge and posted \$500 with Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE, and forwarded articles of agreement to Louis Kreiger. The protocol was signed and returned to the POLICE GAZETTE office with a certified check for \$500.

The following are the articles of agreement:

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, }
New York, Sept. 1, 1881. }
Articles of Agreement entered into this first
day of September, A. D. 1881, between
Louis Kreiger, of Louisville, Ky., and
Charles Lloyd, of New York:

The said Charles Lloyd, of New York, hereby agrees to fight his brindle and white dog Pilot, ears cut and tail on, against Louis Kreiger's, of Louisville, white dog Crib, ears and tail on, at 28 pounds weight for one thousand dollars (\$1,000) a side; the said fight to take place on the 19th day of October, A. D. 1881, at or within a point of seven miles of Pittsburg, Ky. The stakeholder or the referee to name the place of fighting. The dogs to be weighed at 7 o'clock A. M. on the day of fighting, and to fight between 7 A. M. and 8 P. M., Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and to select the referee. The deposits to be made with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, the final stakeholder, viz.: The first deposit of five hundred dollars (\$500) a side on September 5, 1881, and the final deposit of five hundred dollars (\$500) a side to be posted with Richard K. Fox, or his representative, on the 19th day of October, 1881, and on the day and place of fighting, Louis Kreiger to deposit five hundred dollars (\$500) to Charles Lloyd's four hundred dollars (\$400), there being an allowance of one hundred dollars (\$100) for Lloyd's expenses to and from Pittsburg, Pa.; thus Louis Kreiger wagers one thousand dollars (\$1,000) to Charles Lloyd's nine hundred dollars (\$900).

The said Charles Lloyd and the said Louis Kreiger do hereby agree that should the authorities in any way interfere or try to stop or prevent the said battle, that the referee shall have full power to name the next time and place of fighting. It is also agreed that the referee shall insist on the dogs being again weighed, and the said weighing shall be within thirty minutes before the time named by the referee for the fight to be decided. Should there be any after interference the dogs shall again be weighed day after day, and neither will be allowed to exceed 28 pounds in weight.

It is further agreed that the handlers shall each taste the other's dog and sponge them with wet sponge. The sponge used shall then be squeezed into each other's dog's mouth in order to prove there is no poison or pernicious drugs placed on them. After the dogs have been tasted neither of the sponges must be changed.

In pursuance of this agreement the said Charles Lloyd and the said Louis Kreiger do hereby agree to comply with the rules embodied in this agreement or forfeit the money now deposited with the stakeholder. It is also agreed that the battle shall be fought according to the POLICE GAZETTE's revised rules of dog fighting.

On the 12th inst. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, notified Charles Lloyd

and Louis Kreiger that he had selected Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, referee. The owners of the famous dogs at once notified Richard K. Fox that his selection of referee suited them on the 16th inst. The Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE left New York for the battle ground accompanied by Frank Stevenson, a noted sporting man of New York.

At Cincinnati it was found that the great battle was the topic of the city and that sporting men from all parts of the country had arrived en route for the battle ground. At Phil. Tiemann's the ex-champion billiard players' saloon, there was considerable money wagered and Cribb was the favorite. At Dick Hollywood's sporting house on Fifth street sporting men assembled, all speculating on the result of the great battle. The POLICE GAZETTE'S Sporting Editor visited Cockney Charlie's sporting house, 540 Fifth street. Mrs. Lloyd was present and offering to wager any amount from \$100 to \$1,000 that Pilot would win. She informed the POLICE GAZETTE representative that Pilot with Cockney Charlie and Sheffield George were at Newport, Ky., at Charlie Herbert's sporting house and you can just tell your friends that Pilot will win. After gaining all the necessary information the POLICE GAZETTE representative proceeded to Louisville. The Ohio and Mississippi Railroad had issued excursion tickets to the fight, and all along the route sporting men were betting and boasting about Pilot and Crib. Arriving at Louisville, the POLICE GAZETTE representative was met at the depot by a host of Louisville sporting men and with Frank Stevenson escorted to the Louisville Hotel.

At this favorite resort the POLICE GAZETTE representative was introduced to Gen. Lyons; Alderman Gifford, President of the Board of Aldermen; Adam Bly, Chief of the Louisville Police Force; Hughes, Chief of the Louisville Fire Department; Lew Kean, the leading sporting man of Louisville; Louis Kreiger, the famous Kentucky dog fancier, and one hundred other celebrities for which Louisville and the Blue Grass region is famous.

At 9 P. M. the POLICE GAZETTE representative proposed that the balance of the stakes had better be posted at once, as it would save delay at the ring side the day following. Kreiger said he was willing and at once counted out \$500, which, with the \$500 Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, held in New York, made the full amount of stakes on behalf of the champion dog of Kentucky.

A few minutes later Cockney Charley, accompanied by Charley Herbert, of Newport, Ky.; Burke, and the Red Leary of Cincinnati, put in an appearance. The POLICE GAZETTE representative at once informed Lloyd that Kreiger had posted all his stakes, (\$1,000), and that he required \$400 more to make up the balance of Pilot's stakes. Charley put on his spectacles after taking a light drink of whisky, and, hauling out his roll, counted over \$400, which he handed to Harding, who already had \$500 of Cockney's money, so that by eleven o'clock all of the arrangements, so far as putting up was concerned, were made. The match was made for \$1,000 a side, but Charley was allowed \$100 for expenses, so that it was virtually \$1,000 to \$900.

At this point Cockney Charley jokingly asked one of the Crib backers if he had seen any black velvet. "No," was the reply; "but I've got some rags for you, though." "He will make you wear hit to-morrow; see if he don't," laughed Charley. Quite a while was spent in guyng and drinking, Cockney being careful not to take more than a thimbleful at each round. Cockney was told that a great deal had been said about his tricks in the pit, and he was informed that he would have to submit to a search just before the fight. He said he would submit to anything so long as they did not rob him. He was assured that nothing would be taken from him unless something were found on him that was considered foul. He was also told that he would have to wash his dog in milk, and that funny business in the shape of rubbing would not be tolerated. He was given to understand, in short, that if he were caught in any thing crooked that his life would not be worth a cent. Cockney declared that he proposed to do nothing wrong, and all he asked was fair play. He said he would cheerfully give up if his dog was whipped, and he wanted his money if he won. He was anxious to have it understood that if the fight were stopped by the police that he was not to lose his stake.

The POLICE GAZETTE representative then stated that Richard K. Fox had sent him all the way from New York to stand as referee and he was going to see that the best dog won, no matter what was the consequences. Both parties claimed that all they wanted was fair play, and the POLICE GAZETTE representative said that he would see justice done both parties.

In the meantime large delegations of sporting men came into Louisville and hacks were engaged to carry them to the battle ground.

At 5 A. M. the next morning the roads leading to the battle ground was crowded with vehicles of every description. Kreiger had Crib in a buggy, and Pilot was taken to the battle ground in a close carriage. At 6:30 the party arrived at Garr's farm, six miles from Louisville. Six miles out of this pike was a rough-looking old barn, which was as ill-fitted for a dog fight as it would have been for a high-toned wedding. A pit thirteen by sixteen

feet was erected in one end of the barn, and into this dilapidated old building about two hundred persons crowded. Betting was pretty lively even up. Old Cockney Charlie walked back and forth singing out. "Twenty-five dollars on Pilot!" "Fifty dollars on Pilot!" "A hundred dollars on Pilot."

Wm. E. Harding refused to allow the dogs to fight in the barn and the crowd endorsed his decision and turned and pushed each other out of shape to secure places at the ring side. Cockney came in and said that everybody would have to go outside again and pay a dollar to get back to see the fight. Once more the spectators went out, after a great deal of yelling had been done by Cockney, who didn't propose to lose a cent. After a while the barn was cleared, and then there was rush once more for the interior, some paying and others climbing in holes in the old barn. The dogs were weighed in at about 7:15 o'clock. Pilot weighed 27½ and Cribb's weight was 27½ pounds.

After the dogs had been weighed the referee ordered the dogs to be made ready. The POLICE GAZETTE representative tossed up a trade dollar for choice of corners and washing. Kreiger won the toss and decided Pilot should be washed first.

In Garr's farm house everything was ready for the washing.

In the kitchen, in which was Mrs. Garr's two daughters and a baby, the washing was done in presence of the referee.

Pilot was placed in a tub of warm water and washed thoroughly, he was then washed in warm milk, and Kreiger tasted him to see if there had been any red pepper placed upon him. Pilot was then dried with towels which were examined by the referee and then put in blankets. Sheffield George then put Kreiger's dog through the same course of sprouts. After the washing the dogs were brought out to the pit, which was surrounded by some of the most noted men in Louisville and Cincinnati.

Frank Stevenson, of New York, was judge for Pilot, John McDermott, of Louisville, was judge for Crib, and Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was the referee.

Intense excitement prevailed when the dogs were placed in the pit. Hughes, the chief of the Louisville fire department, then announced that the referee wanted both handlers searched.

The handlers first searched each other's clothes thoroughly, to see that nothing was concealed that might cause injury to the opposing dog. When this performance was gone through with the word was given, at 9:20 o'clock, to let go the dogs. Their blankets and muzzles were speedily removed, and the dogs set at liberty. Both uttered low growls, and then, with one savage bound, Crib sprang to Pilot's corner and attacked his antagonist. He caught Pilot by the nose, but the brindle dog shook him off and grasped him by the right leg. Pilot loosened his hold upon Crib's leg to get a better one upon his throat. Crib succeeded in freeing himself, and once more caught Pilot by the nose only to loosen it almost instantly and seize Pilot by the back of the neck and ear and throwing him down. While down Pilot got Crib by the breast and had a terrible hold, but being unable to retain this hold to any good advantage, let go and grasped Crib by the left ear. Then in turn Pilot loosened the ear hold and got Crib's left front leg between his molars. As he pressed his jaws together the bones in Crib's leg fairly cracked. This terrible punishment seemed only to enrage the Louisville dog the more, for with one great effort he threw Pilot five times in succession with the ear hold. Crib again seized Pilot by the nose, which, by the way, seemed to be his favorite hold, and once more downed the New York dog. As quick as a flash he let go Pilot's nose and went to chewing Pilot's front leg. With the fighting that Crib was now doing the Louisville people thought him a sure winner of the fight.

But it now came Pilot's turn to do some fighting, and the manner in which he viciously chewed Crib's left leg was terrible to behold. Crib, with a growl, broke loose only to be caught again in the same way. With another effort Crib once more gained his freedom, and for fully five minutes the dogs fought with earholds, until finally Pilot downed Crib and while holding him by the ear, bumped his head on the floor of the pit. Crib secured a hold on Pilot's throat, and although only fighting on three legs, succeeded in throwing his antagonist. This seemed to incense Pilot, for he threw Crib with a throat hold and again with a hind leg hold. Crib returned with a leg hold on Pilot, and then a bet of \$100 was made that Crib would win the fight. The bet was promptly taken by "Cockney Charley," the owner of Pilot.

The fight had now lasted forty-two minutes. Crib succeeded in getting from under his adversary, but the poor critter's gameness was gone. He turned to the side of the pit and was in the act of leaping out when he was grabbed by the brindle dog and dragged back into the field of battle. Crib was a whipped dog at this moment, but Pilot, not content with the victory already achieved, determined to kill his antagonist while the opportunity of so doing was at his command. Crib once more turned to the side of the pit, and this time succeeded in getting outside, followed by Pilot, who seized the Louisville pet by the under jaw and clinging on to him, refused to

loosen his hold, necessitating the picking up of the dogs together and placing them again in the pit. Pilot threw Crib in the corner with an ear hold and held him there. Kreiger fanned Crib vigorously with his hat, but did the dog no good, for he was fast failing. From this time out Pilot did nothing but endeavor to shake the little life out of Crib that still remained.

The fight lasted exactly one hour and twenty-five minutes. With the exception of several severe cuts about the head and shoulders Pilot escaped with slight injury.

The battle was decided without any fighting or wrangling, and, although there was only a few friends of Pilot from New York, the Louisville sports proved that they were willing to lose their money fairly, and did not break up the fight which they could have done if they had desired to do so. The action and fair play the owners of Pilot received proves that Louisville sporting men are honest and fair in their dealings, and no one need ever be afraid of meeting them or going to Louisville to fight either dogs or cocks. The POLICE GAZETTE representative was led to believe that Crib would be made to win and that the Louisville sports would not let Pilot win. He decided to go at all hazards, and the POLICE GAZETTE can vouch that Louisville is full of fair play and the sporting men are a credit to Kentucky.

Kreiger before the battle said, "If Crib wins I will drink with you, and if he loses I will drink with you."

Just as the Pilot party were at the depot Kreiger loomed up and he said, "I told you I would treat you if Crib lost, and I am here to keep my word."

The battle was the topic in Kentucky and Ohio all last week, and another big match is to be arranged.

A MAN FOR SUPPER.

The Sheriff at Deming Lays Out a Texan Desperado.

While about fifty of the boarders at the Railroad Junction Hotel at Deming, N. M., were at the supper table on the evening of the 28th ult., a "rustic," who had been making strenuous efforts to "run the town," left the table hastily, and a moment later two quick, heavy shots were heard on the platform outside. As the town had lately received a new influx of roughs, everybody knew that the shots meant business.

The hall was at once in commotion. About half of the boarders sank upon their knees behind the table—not in prayer—while others rushed from the tables, some drawing their revolvers ready for fight, and the head waiter dropped his napkin and in a flash rushed to the defense of the house with his Winchester. Other citizens with guns passed through the end of the hall, and Sheriff Tucker came quickly into the light and thrust two cartridges into a double-barreled shotgun and darted out again. On reaching the platform the guests were relieved to find that nothing more serious had happened than the killing of a man by the sheriff.

The desperado, who claimed to be a Texan ranger, had succeeded in awing many unarmed citizens, struck a prominent businessman, Mr. Winchester, on the head with his revolver, inflicting an ugly wound, and was tearing around raving for "some" who is on the shoot," when Sheriff Tucker took his shot gun and pursued him. He refused to surrender and drew a large knife, but Tucker was too quick for him, and a dead desperado lay stretched upon the platform. This is not the first outlaw the sheriff has put out of the way, and many cowardly ruffians would be glad to end Tucker's existence if they could get a shot in his back, but none have yet dared to face him.

ROBBED, GAGGED AND BURNED.

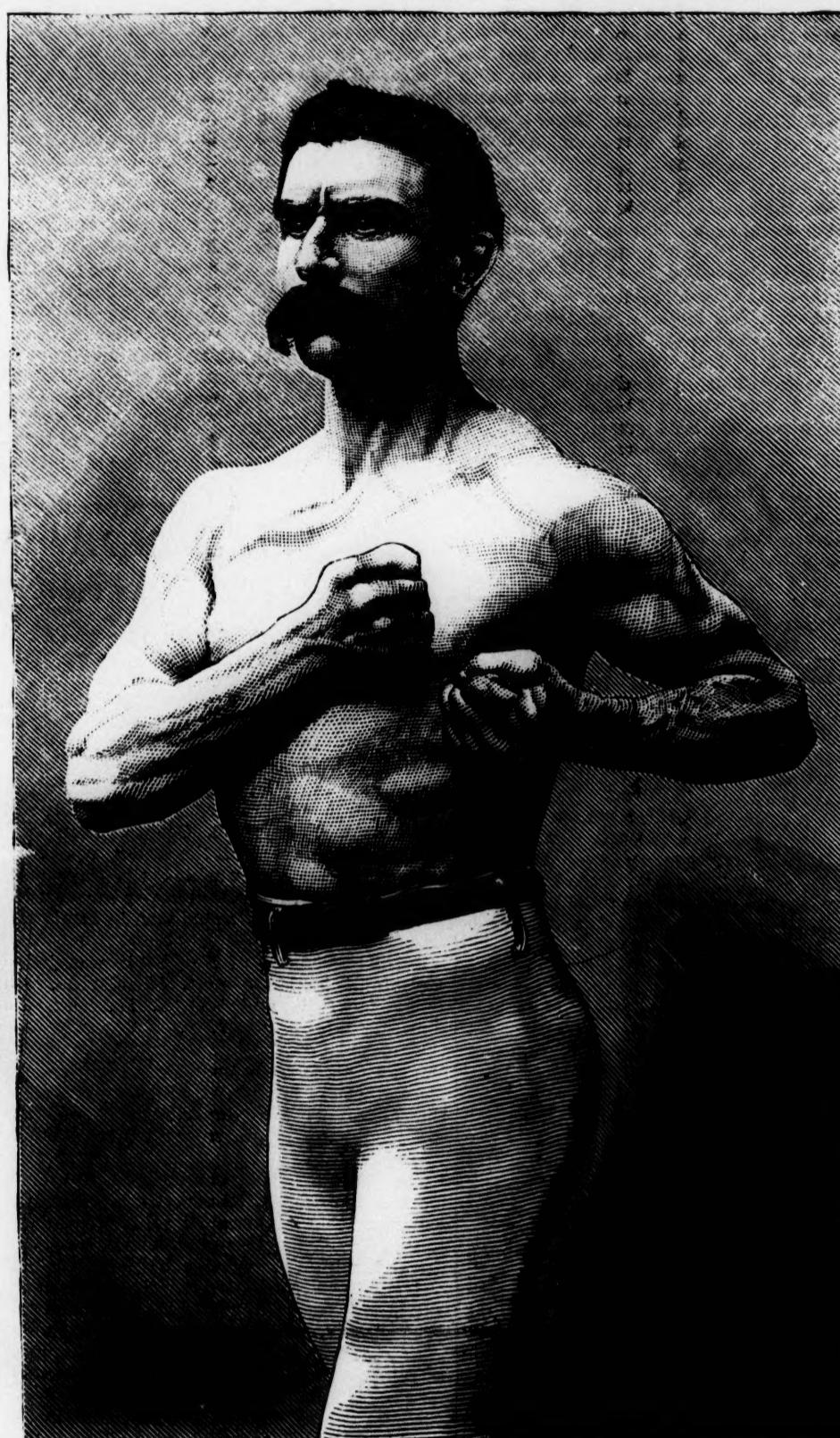
About 1 o'clock last Thursday morning, the house of Allen Fairbank, a farmer in the town of Wayne, Ill., was entered by burglars and robbed of \$4,000. Mr. Fairbank heard a noise in a front part of the house. As he started from his room he met three masked men with lanterns and revolvers. He made a rush for a side door shouting "Murder." In a neighbor's not 50 yards distant, a wedding party was assembled, and it was Fairbank's intention to give them the alarm. Before he had got 10 feet, however, he was headed off by the party, who presented revolvers and ordered him with a volley of imprecations, back to his room. They tied him up with ropes, and bound Mrs. Fairbank. Both were gagged with wooden blocks. The eldest girl made a fierce resistance at this juncture, but was cuffed into obedience. The younger girl, an adopted daughter, was taken into a closet and catechised about what she knew of her father's money. She told all she knew, which was very little, and was taken back and tied with the rest. When all the family were secured, the robbers pounced upon Mr. Fairbank's bed, tore it to pieces and took from underneath the tick the money and papers concealed there. Then they took Mr. Fairbank into the kitchen, and holding a lighted lamp at his feet, threatened to burn him alive if he didn't tell where the rest of his money was. He answered them that they had secured everything, and thus escaped with no further injury than a slight burn.

George Washington's Shirt.

A dilapidated-looking stranger came into the office yesterday morning, says an exchange, and, with an air of profound mystery, confided to us the information that he was quite wealthy, and a general collector of Centennial relics; but being temporarily embarrassed and away from home, he wished to dispose of a shirt that Washington had once worn for four dollars and seventy-five cents. He showed us the shirt, but as it appeared to have been the only one that Washington ever had, and that he had worn it with great assiduity for a couple of hundred years, we hesitated about investing. The man said:

"You won't give four dollars and seventy-five cents for a shirt that was once worn by the Father of his country?"

We said No—at least, not unless he could bring us the affidavits of John M. Palmer and Henry Watterson to show that the Father of his country washed his neck at least twice



R. A. SCHONEMAN,

MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED FROM NEW YORK CITY ON OCT. 10TH, 1881.

during the Revolutionary War, and that the tint on the neck-band of the relic was caused by its being used as a washer for the lynching of a Continental cannon.

"You can stand there," the man said, "and look at this priceless bit of linen, venerable with the dust of ages and the darkening stains of Time's indelible pencil and not feel your heart burn and throb, and your eyes grow dim and misty, with the memory of Valley Forge, and Lundy's Lane, and the battle of the Nile? You can stand there and refuse to give four dollars and seventy-five cents for this sacred emblem?"

We blushed, and felt very much disconcerted but the truth was strong with us, and we managed to indicate that we would even refuse to give a much greater sum for it.

"Then," he said, "will you lend me fifty cents on it, and keep it for me until I send you a draft for thirty-five dollars from New York?"

We had to say we would not accept the trust. He tucked the sacred emblem under his arm

and closed his eyes for a moment and then lifted his hands to heaven.

"My rebuke is just," he said, solemnly, "and I am rightly rebuffed and insulted. I trampled on my manhood and honor and convictions in the dust when I offered this talisman of liberty to alien hands for base dross. I go! I may starve—I may die in the street; but I never

will part or offer to part with this again; I will die with it clinging in my arms, and when I am dead you will find 'Washington' written on my heart."

He went.

We watched him disappear down the stairs and then we went back to the alley window and saw him go back into an adjacent wood-

shed, where he peeled his closely-buttoned coat and inserted himself into the talisman of liberty. And he was seen no more.

Raphael A. Schoneman.

Mr. Raphael Augustus Schoneman, a young merchant of New York city, has mysteriously disappeared. He is a member of the firm of James Thompson & Co., dealers in twines and mosquito nettings at No. 68 Leonard street, and lived with his wife's parents at Fort Washington. On Monday afternoon, Oct. 17th, at about 3 o'clock, he left his office in Leonard street, intending to take the 4 o'clock train from the Grand Central Depot for Boston, where he was to transact some business for the firm, and was expected to return on Tuesday night. He did not return as expected, and as neither his business associates nor his wife heard anything from him they became alarmed for his safety and instituted search



COL. GEO. B. CORKHILL,

U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY AT WASHINGTON,
D. C., AND PROSECUTOR OF GUITEAU.

for him. They fear that some accident has befallen him or that he has been foully dealt with. He is described as 38 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighing about 165 pounds. His complexion is florid, his nose and mouth are prominent, light hair; slightly gray, and he wore a blonde mustache. When he left his office he wore a gold watch and chain, attached to which was a locket containing a picture of his child.

Prof. Wm. C. McClellan.

Owing to the pressure of sporting news on our columns this week, we are compelled to postpone the publication of the sketch of Prof. McClellan until next week.

JOHN H. McMULLEN, of New York, returned home very sick his physician having advised him that he had consumption. A few days later, during a fit of coughing, he threw out about half a wooden toothpick and he is now recovering.



A CANINE LIBERATOR

THE SORT OF DOGS THEY HAVE AT DIGGER'S GULCH. W. T., UNLESS SOMEBODY DON'T DESERVE A LITTLE HATCHET.

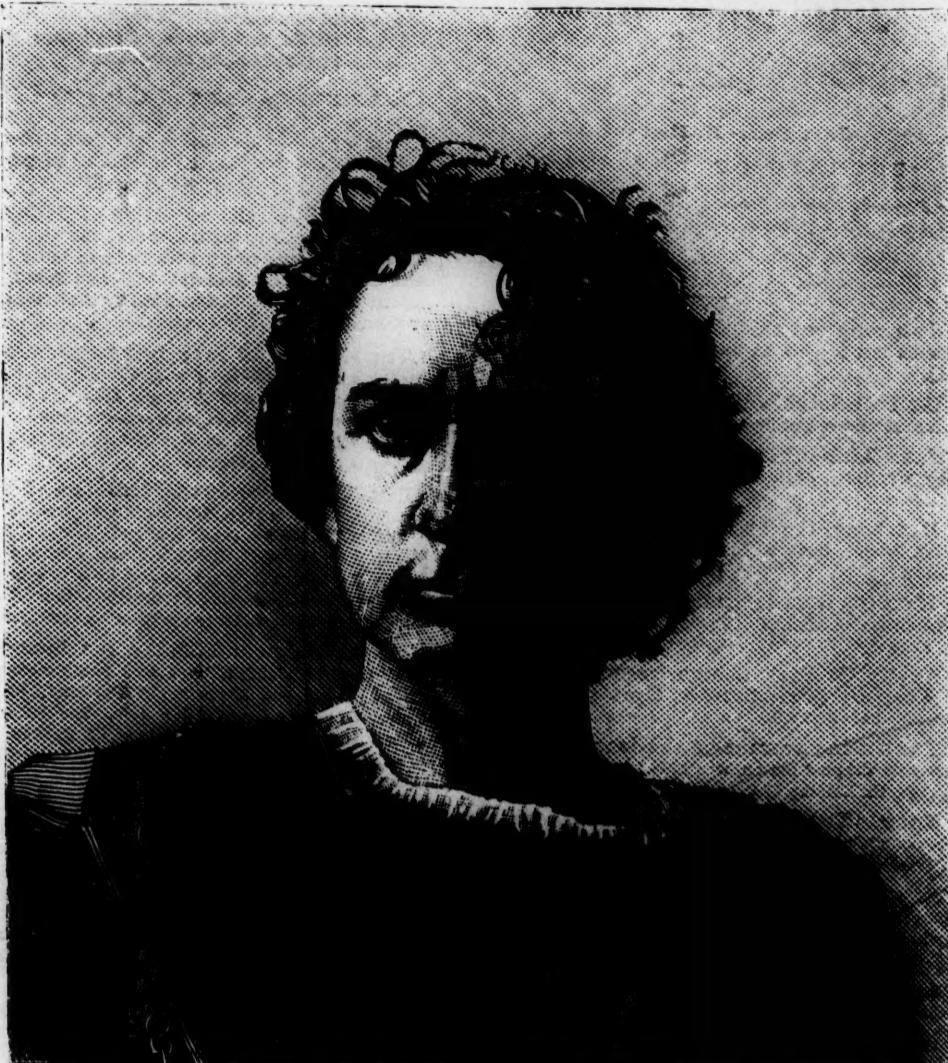


WASHINGTON WORE IT.

BUT THE UNPatriotic EDITOR DID NOT THINK IT WORTH THE PRICE OF A DRINK
AND WAS BITTINGLY REBUKED; N. Y. CITY.



FANNY DAVENPORT,
AS MABEL RENFREW, IN "PIQUE"



EDWIN BOOTH
AS HAMLET.

Saved by a Coffin.

The break in the Indian Grove levee caused a sudden flood in Clinton, Ill. When the rush of waters came Miss Effler, the daughter of an undertaker in the town, was asleep up stairs. Her father called to her to flee, but the young lady stopped to dress herself before seeking safety in flight. When her toilet was made she rushed down the stairs only to find that the store was flooded, and the coffins were floating around promiscuously. Grabbing a casket she pushed it toward the door and scrambled on it. The whirling waters carried the impromptu craft and its living cargo with a rush down the street and out into the open country. Miss Effler screamed for help and some men gave chase in a boat and succeeded in rescuing her. The coffin was lost.

The Course of True Love."

How smooth the course of true love may or may not run will long be a matter of opinion, no doubt; but the proverbial laughter of love at obstacles has received abundant confirmation times without number. Did it, however, need any further proof, the story of Mr. William Nye, of Tennessee, as told by the *Toronto Mail*, would be amply sufficient. Mr. Nye had a



RESCUED BY THE DEAD.

THE SINGULAR ACCIDENT WHICH SAVED A YOUNG WOMAN'S LIFE IN A FRESHET; CLINTON, ILL.

daughter, who, being passing fair, was loved by one Walter Prendergrast. So far, however, from bidding the young people kneel at his feet while he clasped their hands and ejaculated a blessing, Mr. Nye warned the swain to keep away. What followed was very natural in America. One afternoon when Mr. Nye was taking his daily nap on the veranda of house, Walter came craftily behind his chair, and pinioning his arms, called for Isabella his love. That gentle creature, rightly comprehending the situation, appeared shortly on the scene, with a rope in her hand, and, with it tied her papa's wrists, ankles, and body which feat being achieved, she mounted a horse, and, in company with her admirer, sped away. At first Mr. Nye's impulse on getting free was to organize a party to go in search of the fugitives. But calmer consideration has apparently since induced him to forego the pursuit, and this, in the opinion of the chronicler, is the safer course to take seeing that Prendergrast is a noted "moonshiner," or highwayman, and might be ridiculously ferocious were he followed by his newly-made father-in-law.

AN enraged belle at White Sulphur Springs bit the cheek of a young man when he expected a kiss. He had her arrested; she was discharged.



BRINGING THE OLD MAN TO REASON.

THE MEANS ADOPTED BY A TENNESSEE MOONSHINER TO CONVINCE HIS PROSPECTIVE FATHER-IN-LAW THAT HE WAS THE RIGHT HUSBAND FOR HIS DAUGHTER.

SPORTING NEWS.

Just Out.—Mailed for 30c.

SECRETS OF THE STAGE;

or, Playhouse Mysteries Unveiled. With upcards of fifty superb illustrations and portraits. The cheapest and best work ever published.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

It is reported that the Louisville Fair Association lost \$15,000 on their late fair and trotting meeting.

AT Philadelphia St. Julian again beat Trin-
ket in three straight heats. Time, 2:17. 2:17. 2:22.

JAKE GANDAUR has challenged Charles Court-
ney, of Union Springs, to row three miles for \$1,000
a side.

BALANCER, the best two-year-old in Grin-
stead's stable, has gone lame and will run no more this
season.

WALLACE ROSS is training for his race with
Hantan at Portland, Me., under the mentorship of John
A. Kennedy.

AT Mystic Park, Boston, recently, Lizzie M.
won the purse for the 2:27 class. Five heats were trotted
—fastest heat 2:27 1-2.

The batting average of the league on first-base hits, the past season, was .253, to total batting aver-
age .337, the fielding .873.

THOMAS TUGMAN of Philadelphia has a thirty-
five pound dog which he wishes to match against any dog
in America for \$1,000 a side.

ELWOOD Medium won the purse for the
2:22 class at Philadelphia, beating Helene and Belle Oak-
ley in 2:28 1-4. 2:26 1-4. 2:26 1-4.

GEORGE HAZEL, the famous English pedes-
trian, is eager to run any man in America any distance
from ten to 100 miles for \$1,000.

BILLY MADDEN will train Sullivan for the
latter's battle with Paddy Ryan. Johnny Roche will
prepare the champion for the great battle.

ON Nov. 15 Hanlan and Ross row for \$2,000
and the single-scull championship of America at St. Louis.
The winner will be Hanlan if the race is not a fixture.

JOHN WARD, the first champion oarsman of
America, is still living at Cornwall, N. Y., and looks Hale
and hearty. Ward is tax collector for that section of the
State.

THE pugilistic fire is spreading; all over the
country, and every town, village and city from Maine
to Oregon is bristling with pugilists eager to be cham-
pions.

HARVARD COLLEGE Foot Ball Club defeated the
Ottawa Foot Ball team at Boston, Oct. 22, securing 7
and 1 "touch down." Ottawa only made 1 "touch
down."

JOHN QUINN, of Boston, has matched Nellie
against Larry McCarty's Gypsy for \$100 a side. The
dogs fight at 13 pounds, within 50 miles of this city on
Nov. 19.

MR. CARROLL, of Tennessee, purchased of D.
D. Withers, Esq., Regicide, b. c., foaled 1878, by imp.
King Ernest, dam Revolt, by Lexington. The sale was
made just previous to the race at Jerome Park; price
paid, \$1,000.

IT is said that the thoroughbred gelding
Bancroft can trot a mile in three minutes. It would be
no new thing for the get of Bonnie Scotland to develop
into fast trotters.

IT is understood that the Hop Bitters Re-
gatta has been abandoned for this year, but that next
year the company will give a regatta on a scale greater
than has ever been attempted.

FRANK HART, the colored pedestrian who has
run and walked 565 miles in six days, will be one of the
starters in the Eddie six-day go-as-you-please race that
is to take place in this city Nov. 14.

WM. LAKELAND has purchased of Capt. Cot-
trill the two-year-old chestnut colt Babcock, by Buck-
den out of Ethel Sprague, by Jack Malone. The colt has
numerous engagements next year.

WE hope that should the sporting men of
the Solid South ever come east or go west that they will
be treated in just the same manner as they treated Pilot
and the New York sporting men.

THE Princeton College football team beat the
Stevens Institute team at Princeton, N. J., recently, scor-
ing 7 goals and 8 "touch downs," while the Stevens In-
stitute had to make 4 "touch downs" for safety.

WHEN will Cornell investigate the charges
against Shinkel? The public desire to know if the stroke
oarsman of Cornell crew did or did not sell out at Vienna.
Shinkel is innocent, and he demands the case tried.

THE Elijah Ross four-oared crew of St. John,
N. B., are said to be the fastest four-oared crew that ever
rowed in a shell since the Ward brothers beat all the
crack crews of England and America at Saratoga in 1871.

THE one hundred hour go-as-you-please
tournament at Elmira, N. Y., ended October 22. Hart
won first prize, covering 373 miles, Cronin came in
second, covering 369 miles; Curtis third with a score of
325 miles.

THE challenge of J. S. Prince, the English
bicycle ricer, to race any man in America one to five
miles for from \$20 to \$1,000 a side and the professional
championship of the country, is still open and unac-
cepted.

JIM KEENAN'S, Crib, of Boston, is now match-
ed to fight Jack Woolley's Boxer, of Fall River, Mass.
The fight is to take place in New York, Nov. 19. The
stakes are \$2,000 and the dogs to fight at 20 1-2
pounds.

MYER'S wonderful feat of running 1,000
yards in 2m 18s, five seconds better than the best on
record made by George in England, will do for a finish
and set a mark on the distance that may not be disturbed
for some years to come.

CAPT. JAMES DALTON, the pugilist, of Chicago,
has forwarded \$50 to the POLICE GAZETTE and challenged
George Cooke and Professor Wm. C. McClellan to fight.
Queensbury rules, for \$500 a side. In next week's issue
we will publish the famous Chicago pugilist's picture.

WM. MULDOON, the champion Greco-Roman
wrestler is now in Chicago. Whistler is with the champion,
and they intend to give an exhibition. Muldoon and
Whistler should make Flynn, the Chicago champion,
meet them before leaving for the east.

LAWRENCE McCARTY of this city writes that
he is anxious to match his eighteen-pound dog Nelson
against any dog of the same weight for \$1,000 a side, so
you see the chances are that in addition to the matches
already made, several more will be made.

WE would call the attention of John L. Sul-
livan and his backers to the fact that the second deposit of
\$1,000 in his match with Paddy Ryan must be posted
with Harry Hill the final stakeholder on Nov. 7. Ryan's
deposit of \$1,000 will be furnished by the POLICE GAZETTE
on time.

THE single scull race over a one mile and a
quarter course on the Seine at Neuilly for the champion-
ship of France was won by Mons. Lein. M. Verban, of
Belgium, was second, Wm. Gore, of the London Rowing
Club was third, and M. de Hautefeuille. Northern District
of France champion, fourth.

BEN WHITE accepts the challenge of Michael
Donahue, the Brooklyn Blacksmith, to wrestle, collar-
and-elbow, at 135 lbs., for \$500 a side the light-weight cham-
pionship of America. If White means business he will
put up \$50 forfeit now held by the POLICE GAZETTE and
prove he means business. At the time Donahue issued
the challenge he left \$50 to prove he was in earnest.

MESSRS. HAMM and Conley, the famous pair
oared crew of Halifax, have sent another challenge to
Messrs. Davis and Kennedy of Portland, Me., for a
double-scull race for \$1,000 a side. The latter agreed to
row Messrs. Hamm and Conley, of Halifax, N. S., a
series of three races for \$4,000 a side and have deposited
\$1,500 forfeit with the Boston Herald. One race will be
double sculls, the other two single-sculls.

ALEXANDER won the first stallion race of the
season at Rochester, Piedmont won the second at Chicago
and Santa Claus won the third at Boston and the fourth at
Morrisania. "The longest liver gets the purse," and
Santa Claus is fairly entitled to the name of champion
stallion of 1881. But that 2:15 1-4 of Smuggler remains
stubbornly there, and where is the stallion that can erase
those figures from the head of the record?

IT is impossible to estimate a horse's powers
as a stock producer by means of his performances as a
galloper; our astute people are beginning to believe that it is better business buying jockeys than
equines—the result is just the same, if not better, and
there are no extras in the way of winter's keep to pay.
This may not be the way in which everyone would put it, but the meaning would be the same anyhow.

THE single-scull race for the championship
of the Potowmack is creating a great deal of interest. The
following oarsmen will row over the one-mile course for
the prizes: Morgan, Bailey, Crosley, McKenney, Harrison,
Hollister, Barbarin and Coughlan of the Potowmack;
Brace and Kimball of the Anatolians; Do Rouceray,
Lake and Moore of the Columbias, and John Laing—fourteen
in all. The race will be rowed in four trial heats.

THE single-scull race for £100, on the
Thames, between Henry Audsley, of London, and Harry
Clasper was won by the latter. The course was from
London Bridge to Chelsea. Clasper made fast time,
rowing the distance in 2m 33s. Clasper is 23 years of
age, stands 5ft. 4in. in height. He is the youngest son of
the late Henry Clasper, and since his father's death
(July 12, 1870) has served as an apprentice to his brother,
J. H. Clasper, the eminent boat-builder, of Oxford and
The Feathers, Wandsworth.

THE ups and downs of equine fame are
strikingly exemplified in Blair Athol. It was at the sale of
the Cobham Stud that for the fourth time he was sub-
mitted to competition, when he was knocked down for
\$9,750 to Mr. Stewart. Blair Athol was originally sold
for \$25,000 at the break-up of Mr. Jackson's stud, his
purchaser being Mr. Blenkiron, at whose sale in 1872 the
horse realized the handsome sum of \$62,500, his buyers
being the first Cobham Stud Company, at whose sale in
1870 he was retained in the establishment for \$22,000.

THE funeral of John Plant, the man who was
killed in the fatal prize fight on Hearsell Common, Co-
ventry, England, with Samuel Arnold (*alias* Dodge) on
Sept. 26, took place recently at Coventry Cemetery. There
was a crowd of many thousands of people. A large force
of police was in attendance, and the number of detec-
tives led people to think that arrests would take place, but
everything passed off quietly. On Saturday the police
succeeded in capturing Harry Twycross (*alias* Chicken), of
Leicester Street, who had been hiding in Hillsfields since
the night of the fight, to which he is alleged to have been an
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additions are expected.

THE coming great prize fight between Frank
White, of New York, the feather-weight champion of
America, and George Holden, the ex-feather-weight
champion of England, is creating considerable interest in
the sporting world. The pugilists are to fight within 100
yards for from \$20 to \$1,000 a side and the light-weight
championship of America. The final deposit of
\$1,500 a side will be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office
on Nov. 1. Patsy Shapard has been training White, but
the latter has gone into special training at Pawneet.
R. L. Holden is training under the mentorship of Dooney
Harris, the veteran pugilist and trainer, and makes Johnson's
sporting house, near 33d street and Lexington
avenue, his headquarters. In No. 217 of the POLICE

GAZETTE we will produce pictures and records of both
pugilists.

AT Clarendon Hall, on November 2d, the
wrestlers will open the Winter's wrestling campaign.
The first great match will be between Edwin Bibby, the
champion Lancashire wrestler of England, and William
Heyster, the Oak of the Rhine, who will wrestle Greco-
Roman style, best two in three, fair back falls, for \$500.
Heyster weighs trained 220 pounds. He is styled the
champion of Germany, and has figured in numerous
contests. Bibby is without a doubt one of the cleverest and
most scientific wrestlers the world ever produced, and he
believes he can defeat any man living, catch-as-catch-can.
In the coming match he will have to meet an opponent
who will exceed him in weight by over one hundred
pounds. The final deposit of \$150 a side, making the
total amount \$250 a side, was posted at the POLICE
GAZETTE office on the 26th of October. Wm. E. Harding,
the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has been
selected referee.

THE small purses which have been rowed
for, and those yet to be awarded to winners of races an-
nounced in New York State and Canada, are offered not
in expectation of hotly contested races being witnessed,
but merely for exhibitions. The purse is divided, in
each case, to the satisfaction of oarsmen who contend,
and they make the race as interesting for the spectators as
possible. In nearly every contest the best man comes in
ahead, but he is so much a better oarsman than those
who are in the race with him that it rests with him to
decide whether or not the spectators shall enjoy the rowing.
Neither Riley, Lee nor Plaisted can out-row Courtney;
yet these men have rowed for several purses, and,
as the "always losers" cannot afford to travel through
the country and pay cost of transportation, hotel bills and
other necessary expenses, there must be some source of
revenue, and it is derived from a pro rata division of the
pursue money.

THE great Cockers' International tourna-
ment will take place at Louisville, commencing Decem-
ber 12, ending on the 17th. It is very probable, in fact it
seems certain from present indications, that breeders
from all parts of the United States, as well as several
from England, Cuba and Mexico, will be in attendance
with many chickens, and there will be fighting day and
night from the beginning to the end of the tournament.
C. S. Salisbury, the celebrated English breeder, accord-
ing to information received, has arrived at Naples, New
York, with eighty coops of rarely-bred game fowl, from
among which he will pick the best to take there. Mexican
and Cuban breeders have also telegraphed that they
will surely be on hand. Among some of the prominent
breeders of the United States, exclusive of those in Kentucky,
who have decided to make entries are John E. Roberts,
of West Point, Ga.; Joseph Wingate, Farington,
New Hampshire; Frank Finch, Noblesville, Ind.; S. D.
Louis, Helena, Ark., and George W. Cobell, Hot Springs.

O'LEARY is the only heel-and-toe six-day
walker that would be a match for Chas. A. Harriman in
a six-day heel-and-toe race for \$100 a side and the
championship. O'Leary is the only pedestrian in this
country that has won six-day heel-and-toe races, and
without the latter or Wm. Vaughn, of England, accepts
Harriman's challenge it is doubtful whether there will
be a genuine six-day race. Harriman's great record of
530 miles, made at Chicago, was a wonderful performance
and it will be a long time before it is wiped from the
record. A sporting man, with Harriman's performance
staring him in the face, would require plenty of
nerve and a large bank account to match any of the
few first-class six-day walkers against the champion.
Besides, there has been so much funny business going on
between pedestrians and their backers that if a pedestrian
was matched for \$1,000 to walk Harriman it would be
two to one Harriman would win; and then again the
stakes might be lost before the race began. Backing
pedestrians nowadays for large amounts of money is a
dangerous speculation, as the "division principle" is still
the fashion.

THE POLICE GAZETTE champion medal for
heavy weight boxers of Illinois was fought for at Chi-
cago recently. The contestants were Ed. Seward and
Abe Williams, colored. The conditions were four rounds,
Marquis of Queensbury Rules. Seward out-spurred Williams
from the start, and in four rounds decidedly gained
the supremacy. Wm. Meyer, the POLICE GAZETTE corre-
spondent at Chicago, awarded the trophy to Seward who
furnished the following receipt:

CHICAGO, Oct. 21, 1881.

Received of Wm. Meyer, representative of Richard K.
Fox, proprietor of the New York NATIONAL POLICE
GAZETTE, the heavy weight gold medal, emblematic of the
heavy weight championship of Illinois. ED. SEWARD.

Witnesses: ED. DORNEY,
THOS. MCALPINE.

Rules governing the POLICE GAZETTE Champion Medals
for boxing.

Rule 1. All contests for the POLICE GAZETTE Champion
Medals to be decided by four rounds, Marquis of Queens-
bury Rules.

Rule 2. The Medal shall be subject to challenges from
any man residing in the State which the trophy repre-
sents.

Rule 3. The medal is to become the personal property
of the pugilist winning it three times.

Rule 4. The winner of the trophy in any con'est must
deposit \$25 with the POLICE GAZETTE or its representative
for the safe return of the Medal when called for.

Rule 5. Any pugilist winning the Medal must accept
all challenges or forfeit the trophy. The Medal must be
competed for once every month, or six weeks, at the op-
tion of the holder of the trophy.

Rule 6. The gate money in the contests for the POLICE
GAZETTE Champion Medals to be divided as follows: the
management to receive sixty-five per cent of the re-
ceipts after expenses are paid, and the winner to receive
twenty per cent, and the loser fifteen per cent. This rule,
however, only relates to contests in New York for the
POLICE GAZETTE Heavy Middle and Light-Weight Medals.

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SPORTING.

P. W., Cleveland, O.—1. Jim Mace is in Australia. 2. No.

M. S., Bangor, Me.—1. Harry Lazarus was murdered by Barney Frierly, in Houston street, this city, on January 31, 1885. 2. Yes.

H. W., Charlotte, N. C.—The fastest three-mile time for single sculls is 20m. 14 1/2s., by Courtney, at Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1877.

George S., Ilion, N. Y.—Ned Seares', of Sing Sing, N. Y., best recorded performance, jumping one broad jump, was 13 feet 5 3/4 inches.

Scipio, Ridgewood, N. J.—1. The first Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1774. 2. No. 3. Andrew Jackson.

H. G., St. Paul, Minn.—Rowell claims he will not enter any six-day races in this country. We believe he proposes to visit Australia.

G. W., Chicago, Ill.—Billy Madden and a Boston sporting man are John L. Sullivan's backers in his coming match with Ryan. 2. On Feb. 7, 1882.

Sam. Burlington, Vt.—Scotty, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1833, and stands 5 feet 4 1/2 inches. His fighting weight is 128 pounds.

L. W., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. Joshua Ward won the single scull championship of America on Oct. 11, 1880. 2. He rowed five miles on the Staten Island course in 35m. 10s.

Pat M., Toledo, O.—Joe Coburn never fought Joe Goss, John Morrissey or John C. Heenan. 2. The largest stake ever fought for in America was \$10,000 by Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer, 1840.

M. F., Kensington, Pa.—1. Florence McDonald shot Sylvanus M. Hickey, one of Mary Anderson's managers, at the Burnett House, on Oct. 13, 1879. 2. It was wrong. 3. She shot herself fatally afterwards, therefore she was not tried for murder.

S. W., East Saginaw, Mich.—1. Charles Norton claims that title. 2. Abe Hicken and Larry Foley fought for \$6,000 and the light weight championship of Australia, near Melbourne, on March 13, 1879. 2. Foley won in 15 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 20 minutes.

M. W., Jackson, La.—1. Tom Allen and Jim Mace fought at Kennerville, La., May, 1870. 2. Sherman Thurston and Joe Coburn seconded Allen. 3. No; we will have to await the result of the battle. Sullivan, no doubt, is a promising candidate, but Ryan has many advantages.

Oarsman, Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. Judging by his performances we consider Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, the fastest single scull oarsman that ever propelled a shell boat. 2. Hanlan's time when he beat Evan Morris for the championship at Pittsburgh, June 20, 1878, was 37m.

R. S., Detroit, Mich.—1. The following are the oarsmen that have held the single scull championship of America, viz.: Joshua Ward, James Hannill, Walter Brown (of Halifax, N. S.), Evan Morris, William Scharff and Edward Hanlan. 2. Henry Coulter, Pat Luther and Charles Courtney have rowed for the title, but never won a match race upon which championship honors depended.

M. G., Austin, Texas.—1. Harry Hill held the stakes for the second match in this country between Joe Coburn and Jim Mace. 2. Coburn and Mace were matched three times but only met twice, in Canada and near New Orleans. 3. Bush, of New Orleans, held the last stake money that Mace and Coburn fought for. 4. No. 5. Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring." Price 33 cents.

Mechanic, St. Louis.—1. The construction of the Brooklyn suspension bridge commenced June 2, 1870. 2. The engineer is Col. W. A. Roebling. 3. The depth of tower foundation below high water at Brooklyn is 45 feet; below high water at New York the depth of tower foundation is 78 feet. 4. The size of towers at high water line is 140 x 59 feet; size of towers at roof course is 138 x 53 feet; total height of towers above high water in 278 feet.

H. S., Baltimore, Md.—1. At Lexington, Ky., Sept. 9, 1875, Ten Broeck, with 90 pounds up, won a sweepstakes for three-year-olds, one mile and five furlongs, and defeated Bob Woolley, King Alfonso, Eleme and Emma C. Time, 2:49 1/4. 2. Doswell's brown colt, three years old, by Eolus, dam War Song, by War Dance, won the dash of one mile and five furlongs at Saratoga, Aug. 3, 1881, defeating Long Taw and Herbert. Time, 2:49 3/4. 3. Eole carried 100 pounds. While Ten Broeck's time remains the fastest on record, Eole's race is undoubtedly the best performance, as at the same age he carried 10 pounds more than Ten Broeck.

W. M., Baltimore, Md.—1. P. H. Conley, of Portland, won the second prize in the International Regatta at Toronto. 2. Conley was born in Galway, Ireland, in 25 years of age, stands 5 feet 11 1/2 in. in height. 3. Conley's first race was in the Lowell, Mass., Regatta, July 5, 1880, when he defeated George Lee, of Newark, N. J., and James Ten Eyck, of Peekskill, N. Y. In August, 1880, he defeated John McKay, of Dartmouth, in a three-mile race for \$500 a side. At the commencement of the present season he was again challenged by McKay to row a four-mile race, which he accepted, and again came off victorious. These were the only events in which he figured up to the time of the regatta at Toronto.

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NEW YORK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Goods warrant as presented.

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